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THE OUTRAGE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

There has been no minor incident of late occurrence at the South which has caused a more general expression of indignation throughout the country than the whipping inflicted by a set of ruffians in North Carolina on a poor, defenseless colored girl who had fallen into their power. No single act of inhumanity has more clearly indicated the animosity yet existing in Southern hearts against the former slaves; or shown how unwise it would be to trust the government of these people in the hands of their former masters.

The order of General Daniel E. Sickles approving the sentences inflicted on the perpetrators of the outrage, reviews the evidence and furnishes the following history of the affair. The General says:

The evidence in the foregoing cases discloses a deed of lawless and inhuman violence. It appears that a daughter of one of the prisoners, having attempted to beat a young colored girl, met with resistance which became successful, and resulted in the chastisement of the white by the black. This unlooked-for reversal of a long-accustomed relation filled the neighborhood with consternation and rage. Couriers passed to and fro from farm to farm, inflaming the temper of the people, and concerting measures to produce terror among the negroes. A meeting of citizens was convened at a school-house near the residence of the parties. The accused were among those assembled. The magistrate, Jenkins, was invited to lend the sanction of his presence, and did so. Phillis, the young freedwoman, was sent for. Dragged before this self-constituted conclave of angry men, whom she had been accustomed from infancy to call masters, some of whom she now heard urging her incarceration, while one swore she should be hung, and all agreed that she must be imprisoned or whipped, the frightened girl exclaimed that she had rather be whipped than go to jail. This was taken as the expression of the assent which they desired. Some sort of writing was drawn up, called an indenture, by which Phillis, having signed it, was made to bind herself as an apprentice to one Mrs. Harmon, who thereupon consented that her so-called ward should be flogged. Quite enough was thought to have been thus conceded to the mockery of legal formalities, and the impatient assemblage, consisting of all the prisoners who have been convicted except the magistrate, hastened to execute the penalty awarded. Phillis was conducted into an adjacent wood, where, at a spot some sixty yards remote from any road, she was halted and told to take down her dress. She not obeying with alacrity, one of the prisoners snatched it off her shoulders. Stripped to her waist, except of her chemise, she was then whipped by five of these men in succession, by whom, according to the testimony of one of them, one hundred and twenty-six (126) lashes were inflicted upon her half-naked body with rods three feet long and one-half to three-eighths of an inch thick. Her garment was cut through and through; blood run from the wales raised on her lacerated back; one gash in her flesh three days after showed four inches in length; the heavy blows fell upon her person at random; she was pushed, she was pulled, she was kicked in the abdomen; till at last it seems that one of the accused, an applauding-by-stander, not utterly insensible to the sufferings and sex of the wretched victim, was so far touched by the spectacle of her torture that the cry was wrung from him, "Boys, don't hurt her breast!" Having satiated their savage vengeance, her tormentors, fatigued by their exertions, withdrew; not, however, without considering the proposal of one of the number to return and give her ten more lashes each to stop her screaming. Finally the poor child, wounded and groaning, was permitted to make her way to the house of her mistress, where for days she suffered, scarcely able to crawl to her unremitted task, or even to wear her clothes without pain.

In the revolting crime thus briefly outlined all of these prisoners are shown to have been eager participants. In the interest of outraged justice it is to be deplored that the perpetrators have been adjudged to undergo punishment so inadequate to the enormity of their offense.

The sentences were as follow: Jenkins, the magistrate who authorized the whipping, was removed from his office, fined $25, and confined at hard labor for one month; Dunning, Cook, and James and John Early were confined for two months at hard labor and fined $25 each; the other guilty participant, George Mitchell, was fined heavily and imprisoned for three months, the common jail at Plymouth, North Carolina, being designated as the place of confinement.

In this connection we give on page 581 a portrait of General Daniel E. Sickles, who by his prompt and energetic action in this and similar cases in the South, and by the display of gallantry in the late war and patriotism and faithfulness to republican principles since, has endeared himself to the people of the country, and won the unequivocal compliment (coming from Andrew Johnson) of a removal from office.

General Sickles is still a young man, having been born in 1822, in this city. He rose to distinction in New York as a lawyer; and served the State in the Legislature and the country in Congress. When the war began in 1861 he raised a command, which subsequently became famous as the "Excelsior Brigade." He was nominated a Brigadier-General in March, 1862; but owing to the fact that he had, in peaceful times, been a leader of the Democratic party in

WHIPPING A NEGRO GIRL IN NORTH CAROLINA BY "UNCONSTRUCTED" JOHNSONIANS.

this city, the Senate rejected him. Mr. LINCOLN immediately renominated him, and he was confirmed, his commission being dated back to the commencement of his military services. He subsequently won the then highest rank in the army; and after serving through all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac was disabled by the loss of a leg at Gettysburg. It was General SICKLES who opened that battle while a council of war was discussing the propriety of retreating. Once speaking of the fact, General SICKLES concluded a graphic account of the opening scenes of the battle by saying: "I had the honor to bring on the fighting, but"—glancing down at his crutches and the one leg left him—"I paid very dearly for it."

General SICKLES was appointed by President JOHNSON with great reluctance to the command of the Second Military District, in obedience to the well-known and clearly-expressed wishes of the people. He has been removed in opposition to their desires; and retires amidst the approval of the people, who sent him to his field of labor, and the regrets of the emancipated people whose protection was his chief duty and delight.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1867.

THE GENERAL AND THE PRESIDENT.

THE Sphinx of our last week's picture has spoken, and to some purpose. General GRANT's letter upon the removal of SHERIDAN is one of the chief of recent political events. It caused the New York *Tribune* to rejoice that his hostility to the President can no longer be doubted; while the New York *Herald*, which has been idolizing GRANT for a year, suddenly advises him to surrender the War Department to "other and abler brains," and declares that he has thrown himself into Radical hands. The whole country has now read and pondered General GRANT'S letter. It has seen how heartily he sympathizes with the national purpose, how simply and strongly he urges the undoubted wish of the people as the rule of action when expediency alone is to be considered. In a few significant words he reminds the President that the removal of SHERIDAN can gratify only those at the South who are hostile to the Government; and the reply of the President shows how he was stung by the unquestionable truth. The letter of GRANT is short, but it is decisive. We shall no longer hear that he is an equally available candidate for either party. We shall no longer read praises of his Conservative fidelity in the Democratic newspapers. We shall no longer hear them chuckle over the cunning of the President in dividing the Republican party by entangling General GRANT. Two weeks ago we said that GRANT would never be a tool in ANDREW JOHNSON'S hands, and a week had not passed before the words were justified.

So rapid is the progress of events that, before these words are read, General GRANT may have ceased to be Secretary of War *ad interim*. Against the instructions which he gave to General THOMAS to leave all the laws in force which he should find in the Louisiana District, the President orders General HANCOCK to change them as he chooses; and reverses General GRANT'S order to SHERIDAN to report at Washington by ordering him to proceed straight to Missouri. The General issues the orders; but these reversals and the tone of the letter of the President show that there is no kindly feeling between him and the General. And how could there be? The President knows perfectly well that GRANT was most strenuous in his advice to Congress that JOHNSON could not be trusted, and the General knows equally well that the President ordered him into his Cabinet to ruin him. From this state of things some kind of rupture may very easily arise. By the publication of the correspondence the country has learned—what few doubted—that the present Secretary of War is just as hostile to the Presidential "policy" as the late Secretary. His presence in the Cabinet is, therefore, as reassuring as that of Mr. STANTON. It is now, consequently, equally obnoxious to the President. If General GRANT remains in the Department he is endeared to the people as their official representative and advocate. If the President quarrels with him and removes him from his post, the popular enthusiasm for GRANT will be simply irresistible.

The result of the removal of STANTON has not thus far been very consolatory to the President. If he thinks that he has forced GRANT to speak he can not but see that, at the same time, he has forced him into the arms of those who can alone make him President, while by the method he has adopted the President has but deepened the national disgust with his administration. We are not of those who think that the General should not have entered the Cabinet. If it were right that STANTON should be there it can not be wrong for GRANT. Moreover, it was clearly not a matter of discretion altogether in the case of the General. The President "directed" him, and in his own judgment he was "assigned." To refuse was to disobey, and the alternative was resignation.

Nor did he approve or support the policy of the President by entering the Cabinet, as his letter shows. Nor did he go there as a spy—which is a plain abuse of words. A spy is one who surreptitiously enters an enemy's camp. GRANT was openly commanded by the enemy, to whom the Constitution gives authority to command, and who counted upon his subordinate's acquiescence to seal his ruin. We do not disapprove GRANT'S entering the Cabinet upon the same general grounds that we did disapprove the resignation of Mr. HAMLIN. We would not assume in the one case that the various minor executive offices of the country are merely places to be held upon condition of servility to the Presidential will, and in the other we would throw the whole responsibility upon the President. If Governor ANDREW were called to ANDREW JOHNSON'S Cabinet we can conceive of his going in order to protest against his course and baffle it as far as might be. And if he did go, would any sensible American suppose that JOHN A. ANDREW was false to his principles, or had ratted to the President?

We presume the event will show that in assigning General GRANT to the War Department the President has outwitted himself. It were better for him that he had retained STANTON. On the other hand, it was certainly very unfair to General GRANT upon the part of many, and notably the *Tribune*, to insinuate that in entering the Cabinet he showed that he had lost sympathy with the loyal party, and to sneer at him as a statue sashed and girded. The confidence of the national heart that insisted upon fighting the war to an unconditional national victory is stronger in General GRANT to-day than ever.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

THE experience of the last six years should have taught us that even in the United States there is no security against civil trouble. A more appalling introduction to it no nation ever had. Yet to the very moment of the actual blow it was considered impossible. The republic was charmed. Other countries had suffered, but we were exceptional. Wars were over, and however loud the threat of violence it would pass as an idle word. The method of the Southern madness was not heeded. The plainest declarations were regarded as political "gag." The most evident preparations were unseen or unminded. It was said that Senator SEWARD would rise in his place, and, in the midst of the most courteous but crushing anti-slavery speech, turn to Senator BUTLER, who sat behind him, and hold out his thumb and finger for a pinch of snuff. The Carolina Senator, averting his head, would extend his box to his colleague from New York, who still could not see any thing in the Southern speeches but party rhetoric. It was a game they played in the capitol. It was supposed that they would vow secession and disunion until after election, and then nobody would be so sound and earnest a Union man as Senator SEWARD'S excellent friend from Georgia, Senator TOOMBS. It is only a cry of wolf! wolf! said comfortable public opinion. But one day the wolf came.

Is it worth while to return to that ghastly self-deception of six and eight years ago? Is it any more foolish to believe that the President will push the present extremity to an armed solution, if he can, than it was to believe that the secessionists would take arms at the first favorable moment? ANDREW JOHNSON is at bay. He is conscious of the contemptuous condemnation of his country, and of the doom to which history will consign him. He is ignorant, passionate, and headstrong. He is surrounded by the worst demagogues—by FERNANDO WOOD, JEREMIAH BLACK, and men in sympathy with them. He is the constitutional Commander-in-Chief of the National forces, and he has told us how he interprets the Constitution. After a long and exasperated struggle with Congress, in which it was supposed that he had been so bound by the laws as to be powerless, if not to have acquiesced in the inevitable, he suddenly assumes the defensive, defies the unquestionable public opinion of the country, quarrels, under polite phrases, with General GRANT, and knows that within ninety days Congress will assemble and will probably impeach him. Has he done all this for the sake of being impeached? Has he done it with the intention of placidly yielding when he is impeached, and going humbly out of office? Or does he mean, if possible, to provoke an armed crisis?

We learn, upon good authority, that there are ten thousand men in Maryland called militia, armed and under the command of rebel officers. Not long before Mr. STANTON was suspended a requisition came from the Governor of Maryland to the War Department for batteries, which the Secretary refused. For what purpose is such a body of men so armed and so officered? We do not mention this to excite a foolish alarm, but an alarm which is not foolish. It may be an untrue story, but it is not in the least improbable that the President intends some action hostile to Congress. It may be in the guise of resistance to the process and results of impeachment. It may be in pursuance of a plan to issue an amnesty and to assemble a new Congress. The wildness of the plan and its futility do not make it improbable. If the President knew the feeling of the country he might pause. But he does not know it. He can not know it. He is surrounded and led by men who misrepresent it; and to General GRANT, the true friend of the country in the Cabinet, he does not listen.

The times are grave. No man should deceive himself or "deride," with the New York *Tribune*, the imminence of trouble. To be forearmed against danger we must be forewarned. We need not, indeed, imagine that we are already Mexicanized; but we ought certainly to reflect that in a revolutionary period, when the country still trembles with civil war, and peaceful order is not yet restored, a desperate, ignorant, and obstinate Chief Magistrate may plunge us into very serious difficulty.

THE NEW YORK CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE Constitutional Convention of New York has been in session since the 4th of June. Its duties have been incessant and pressing, and they have been discharged with remarkable fidelity. Albany is certainly not an ideal summer residence. Its hospitality is great; its feeling for strangers is friendly; the members of the Convention have been made conscious of courteous kindness all around them; but to pass the summer in Albany making a Constitution is not the most delightful task to which active and busy men could be summoned. There have been upon an average about four working-days in the week for the Convention. Upon Saturdays and Mondays little has been accomplished. This is not, however, surprising, nor is it to be regretted; for it is plainly impossible that a hundred and sixty men, engaged in every kind of industry, could be wholly withdrawn for three or four months from their business. Their personal attention to it was indispensable; and the real work of the Convention has not suffered from the recreation of the little change of scene and employment. It seemed to be the opinion of some members, or, at least, of one member, that it was the duty of the Convention to sit straight through, day and night, to devote six or eight hours to the discussion of the most vital subjects, then to call the previous question, vote, and adjourn *sine die*. This is one theory of the method of business in a Constitutional Convention. But it is not that which has been put into practice at Albany.

The summer has been peculiarly sickly, and a very large number of members have been ill. But the work has gone steadily forward. The routine of a day has been for most of the delegates as follows: At 8½ in the morning, committee; at 10 or 11, Convention until 2 P.M.; at 4, committee until 6; at 7½, Convention until 10½. If a member has had a large correspondence, or any duty excepting his official duty to discharge, it has been only by an anxious economy of time that he has been able to attend to it; while the labor of the committee-rooms has been extremely onerous. In truth, the Convention has been really industrious; and if its suggestions are not acceptable to the people it will not be for want of long and careful consideration. The complaint of slowness is a complaint of deliberation. If a fundamental law could be made as a pair of boots is made it would be fair to quarrel with the Convention for not sending home its work at the end of a month at farthest. But does any thing require a more thoughtful reflection, a more careful scrutiny, point by point, a fuller illumination by every ray of experience or sagacity that can be turned upon it, than the revision of the fundamental law of a State? It is of the very nature of a body assembled for such a purpose that it should talk until it is evident that the topic is exhausted; and no wise man will complain that the New York Convention has thoroughly discussed every subject laid before it.

Every member has probably been conscious of the advantage of this full debate. Unlike an ordinary legislative assembly, in which opinions are apt to be run in the mould of party or of interest before meeting, so that almost all discussion is but a speech to Buncombe, it has been perfectly easy to perceive the fluctuation of opinion in the Convention as debate proceeded. The subjects discussed were new to many minds. Members were literally open to conviction, and votes have actually been gained by speeches. The debates, too, have been real discussions; comparisons of various views; forcible and concise statements of principle or experience; and there has been very little mere haranguing or rhetoric, except in the suffrage discussion. There has been no personality, no acrimony, scarcely any purely party division, thus far, and consequently there have been no spicy details for the newspapers, and the Convention has been naturally derided by the sensationists as an extremely prosy bore.

The work thus far actually accomplished does not involve any serious changes in the Constitution of 1846, although we write before the decision upon several of the most important subjects. There has indeed been a tendency, which is by many considered wisely conservative, to keep as closely as possible to the present Constitution. A committee, after long and careful consideration, reports an article. The Convention immediately fall upon it in Committee of the Whole, tear it and trample it—if we may use such a metaphor of so very deliberate and tranquil a process—and when it has exhausted itself calmly adopt the article of the present Constitution as a substitute for the report. There are several explanations of this tendency. There is a natural unwillingness to change a familiar law, which has received judicial interpretation, and has become a tradition, unless very cogent reasons are shown. If there be no complaint of it, any change, however theoretically better or more harmonious with the general spirit and character of the government, is rejected as visionary. And there is the party policy reason—the apprehension that if this or that change is made some part of the party vote will be alienated. These and many other reasons are constantly operative to retain the present article, whatever it may be.

The great peril of the present Convention grows out of a fact which we mentioned long before it assembled, and it is that it is necessarily a party Convention. This, in itself, is not an evil, but it is the easy source of evils. The Constitution formed under such circumstances, and upon the eve of a general election, is really the party platform. The party, whether it will or not, must stand or fall with its work. But a platform so various, so extensive, and so important as a Constitution, offers a thousand points of attack which a mere political platform avoids. Hence to secure its acceptance by the people there is an almost irresistible tendency to compromise upon the part of the framers. "Log-rolling" begins. Tommy-tickle-me-and-I'll-tickle-you. If you will vote for the life tenure of judges, I will vote to abolish the Metropolitan Police. The consequence is, that such a Constitution does not embody the real principles of government as held by the party, and while it is accepted nobody is enthusiastic.

We are not speaking of this as a fact of the present Convention, but as an undeniable tendency of all Conventions similarly composed. Indeed, if this Convention had done nothing but equalize the suffrage among the male adults of the State, its action could not but be considered a radical improvement of the Constitution of 1846. We shall return to this subject next week.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

IN the speculations upon the Presidency we hope the Vice-Presidency will not be forgotten. Three times in our history the Vice-President has been called to the Chief Magistracy by the death of the President; and the three "accidental" administrations have been among the most humiliating in our annals. But the present is the most disastrous and disgraceful of all.

Soon after the accession of Mr. JOHNSON to the Presidency, we told in these columns the history of his nomination. It was effected by the friends of Mr. SEWARD, and was a "Conservative" movement. The substantial and plausible argument urged was that, as the Convention was a "Union" Convention, and contained many delegates who were "Union" men but not strictly Republicans, it would be unfair to insist upon renominating the Chicago ticket of 1860, which was a pure party ticket; and as Mr. LINCOLN must inevitably be the chief candidate, the second place should be given to some well-known Democrat who had been perfectly faithful during the war. Having come so far it was very easy to go farther, and add that, if there were such a phœnix as a well-known Democrat, who was also a Southerner, if possible, also, an ex-slaveholder, and who had made himself especially conspicuous for loyalty during the war, then Providence was peculiarly kind, and we had only to name him and sweep on to victory.

Upon such general grounds, and certain private, personal considerations belonging to party intrigue, ANDREW JOHNSON was nominated. It is, however, scarcely possible to know less about a candidate than was known about him. To the outbreak of the war he had been a Senator of the violent Southern type. Since the war began he had fiercely denounced his late political allies, and had been subsequently made Military Governor of Tennessee, where he was heard of chiefly by occasional vehement speeches. There were rumors of bad personal habits which were heard privately; but no one could speak with authority, for nobody knew. Apparently nobody cared. Sure of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, what mattered the rest? A Union party must have a Union ticket. The Vice-President is a name merely. We must get all the strength we can. Three cheers for ABE and ANDY!

Does the Republican party mean to repeat this intolerable folly? Have we not learned—and if we have not we never shall—that the Vice-President should be as carefully nominated as the President? When Mr. SEWARD was defeated at Chicago, in 1860, his utterly dismayed and disappointed partisans said that it was no matter who was nominated with the rail-splitter; the country was lost in any case. We appeal to the sober, earnest men of the country that this shall not be the spirit that dictates the next nomination for the Vice-Pres-

idency. Let us resolve in advance, and declare aloud that no man shall be nominated for Vice-President whom we would not support for President. Wire-pullers, intriguers, crafty politicians, shall be put aside, and statesmen, tried and true, approved by the heart and the mind of the loyal country, shall be those from whom the choice is made. Local claims are to be despised. There are men in our ranks whom the whole loyal land honors and loves; who are identified with the long, long struggle for the true American principle of the Government; whose service in the war, in whatever station they may have been, showed the exact Presidential qualities. Among those men, whether in public or private position, let our search be made; as we resolve that none but such a man—no mere local politician—shall be the Vice-President to whom, in the inscrutable future, the government of the country may be intrusted.

ALEXANDER T. STEWART.

In the March Number of *Harper's Magazine* we gave a brief sketch of the life of this distinguished and successful merchant. An allusion was made to his patriotism and his strong devotion to the Union during the recent rebellion. Nominally belonging to the Democratic party, and also an adopted citizen, he yet never for a moment faltered or doubted in regard to his duty to that flag to which he had sworn allegiance in early manhood. No considerations of personal interest deterred him from the expression of his sentiments. When Sumter fell there was probably two millions of dollars due him from merchants and others in the seceding States. A few debtors were willing and anxious to pay their Northern creditors. Many were quite willing, if possible, to wipe out their debts by war, or to allow the debts to be confiscated by the Confederate Government. One firm, largely indebted to Mr. Stewart, announced its intention not to pay if the report should prove true that he was a loyal and patriotic man.

The following letter, addressed to him, explains itself:

"Memphis, *April* 20, 1861.

"*Mr. A. T. Stewart:*

"Dear Sir,—I inclose you a telegraph dispatch which was published in our city papers yesterday morning, stating you had offered a million dollars to the U. S.

"I have only returned home a few days ago from your city, and many of my friends, knowing the fact, have asked me if it were possible that you had done as represented by this dispatch. My reply was that *I* did *not* believe such to be *the fact*. Yet it has had more influence than a similar dispatch would have had had it have emanated from any other person than yourself. Among the business men throughout the South there are many of large wealth, to whom you and others have given credit, and who are now considering whether or not it is expedient to pay their Northern creditors under existing circumstances, and the conclusion is, that in justice to ourselves and our section of the country, that we will no longer assist those who *we did* hope would not attempt to conquer, degrade, or govern us by force. In determining *not* to meet (as heretofore) our maturings, we *do not* wish to be understood that it is our intention to *repudiate* our liabilities, or that we are not able to meet each note as it may mature. Such is not the case; for as regards our promptness and ability to pay, your books will show whether we faltered in '57 and '58, or in '60 and '61, and in both instances *we* were considerably *more* indebted to your house than any other in N. York; and it is unnecessary to state whether we asked you either time to hold up a single note of ours. It is our intention, as soon as the present hostile state of the country is adjusted, to immediately meet all our liabilities; and it is also our intention that what we may possess shall not be used in unreasonable demands of our creditors during the present condition of affairs; nor shall we apply the pittance we may have to those who would deprive us of our privileges and make us bow in submission to their dictates.

"Yours most respectfully,
"J. P. Strange, of
"Speed, Donoho, & Strange.

"P.S.—We this afternoon permitted our first note to be returned, amounting to only one hundred ninety-three $\frac{48}{100}$ dolls."

To this letter there was a prompt answer, and one worthy of enduring record, and which would have done honor to the most distinguished patriot even of the Revolution, though "to the manner born:"

"New York, *April* 29, 1861.

"Dear Sir,—Your letter requesting to know whether or not I had offered a million of dollars to the Government for the purposes of the war, and at the same time informing me that neither yourself nor your friends would pay their debts to the firm as they mature, has been received.

"The intention not to pay seems to be nearly universal in the South, aggravated in your case by the assurance that it does not arise from inability; but whatever may be your determination, or that of others at the South, it shall not change *my* course. All that I have of position and wealth I owe to the free institutions of the United States, under which, in common with all others, North and South, protection to life, liberty, and property has been enjoyed in the fullest manner. The Government to which these blessings are due calls on her citizens to protect the capital of the Union from threatened assault; and although the offer to which you refer has not in terms been made by me, I yet dedicate all that I have, as I will, if need be, my life, to the service of the country, for to that country I am bound by the strongest ties of affection and duty.

"I had hoped that Tennessee would be loyal to the Constitution. But however extensive may be secession or repudiation, as long as there are any to uphold the sovereignty of the United States I shall be with them supporting the flag.

"Yours, etc.,
"Alexander T. Stewart.

"To Mr. J. P. Strange, Memphis, Tenn."

But there was an unceasing watch kept over that firm of merchants, and the moment Tennessee was *reconstructed* a mailed hand was laid on them. There was no escape, and they were compelled to *pay* the uttermost farthing. The mills of the gods had ground slow, but they had ground exceeding fine.

THE RESPONSIBILITY.

The Albany *Argus*, in a late article upon the situation, declines to take any responsibility of the President and his performances; and adds, that the Republican party is responsible for the present condition of affairs because it elected Mr. Johnson, and has had control of the Government for so long a time.

This is as wise as the assertion that the Republican party was responsible for the war because there was no war until that party came into power. It was not the Democratic President who declared that there was no authority to prevent secession; nor the Democratic Attorney-General Jeremiah Black who furnished that opinion; nor the Democratic Secretary Floyd who sent arms to the rebels; nor the Democratic Secretary Tousey who dispersed the navy; nor the Democratic Secretary Cobb who stabbed the national credit; nor the Democratic Secretary Jacob Thompson who organized conspiracy; nor the Democratic leaders in the Senate and House who withdrew to take up arms against the Government; nor the State Rights doctrines of the Democratic party interpreted in the light of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions; nor the inexorable necessities and insolent ambition and unscrupulous conduct of the slave interest in this country—none of all these are responsible for the late war, but the Republican party is alone guilty.

This party had the audacity to insist that the will of the slave interest should not be the government of the country; that the equal rights of citizens of the United States should every where be maintained; and that the Government should not be destroyed by rebels if patriotism and valor could save it. When, therefore, the Republican President, constitutionally elected, found a vast armed conspiracy, under the leadership of the Southern Democratic leaders, defying the authority of the Government, morally supported by the Democratic press, and Democratic Tweddle Hall and other conventions in the Northern States, and at last heard the gun fired by that conspiracy at the flag of the United States, he called upon the country to defend its Government, and the country responded. This was the responsibility of the Republican party for the war.

The alternative was the surrender of the Government to the armed demand of open rebellion, the total and disastrous failure of the representative republican system, and the unquestioned domination of a party whose sole aim was the erection of a huge empire founded upon human slavery. This was an alternative whose only supporters were found among the members of the Democratic party who to-day declare that the Republican party is responsible for the war.

Continuing our retrospect, which is very familiar but also very useful, we find that, during the war waged by the Southern Democratic leaders upon the Union, the same moral aid was rendered by the Northern wing by embarrassing in every way the action of the administration, until at last after more than three years of the conflict the Democratic party in their National Convention declared the war a failure, and virtually insisted that the Government should surrender to the rebels. And what did the Republican party? Steadily prosecuting the war, cherishing an unswerving faith in the result, supported by its profound confidence in the constancy of the nation, it supplied means and sympathy to the great cause. We do not forget the patriotism and liberality of many Democrats; but we are speaking of party action.

In the midst of the war came the Presidential election. In an unhappy moment, as we have elsewhere in this paper remarked, and deluded by a wholly mistaken magnanimity, the Republican party nominated a Democrat for the Vice-Presidency. And from that fatal error springs the present situation. The Republicans brought a wooden horse into their camp, and from his prolific belly issue all our woes. If the country is distracted, if reconstruction is postponed, if bitterness of feeling is doubly embittered, if there are commercial apathy and impending panic, if there are grave perils immediately menacing the country, it is because of the enormous error of the Republican party in electing a Democrat to the Vice-Presidency. Except for that the country would be at peace. But it is their sole error of the kind, and will not be repeated. But if one Democrat can make so much mischief in reconstruction, what would the whole Democratic party do if it could get a chance?

GENERAL SICKLES ALSO.

The peremptory removal of General Sickles is only another indication of the superlative folly of the President. Whatever may be the merits of General Canby, every body knows that General Sickles is removed because of the earnestness and ability with which he has executed the will of the people in enforcing the reconstruction law. He, like Sheridan, is removed because his course is not agreeable to the late rebels, and is approved by all faithful Union men. The only conceivable effect of his removal will be delay in reorganizing North and South Carolina. The smouldering embers of rebellion revive under the Presidential breath. The rebel chiefs who were taught by the old political associates of Andrew Johnson at the North to despise the character and purpose and patriotism of the free States, will despise them all the more that they could have been so deluded as to place him in his present position. Those men will not believe that he can help them back to power. But they see that they can help him to defy Congress. And they despise him as thoroughly as ever.

When Generals Hancock and Canby arrive at their new posts of duty they will be tried by these leaders. If they remain as firm and true as Sheridan and Sickles they will be opposed but respected. If they yield, and become mush under rebel manipulation, they will be used and scorned. Men like Longstreet, who acquiesce in the decision of the war, and are as anxious for peace as they were earnest in fighting, can only regret the dull folly which postpones a settlement. But the valiant editors of the newspapers at the South, which daily lament the lost cause in the most elaborate and defiant rhetoric, will shake their terrible pens at Congress all the more fiercely, and rejoice that the heel of Despotism has been wounded by the doughty warrior of the White House.

Delay in the reorganization which was so well begun, continued suffering and hopeless agitation, postponement of peace, a consequent possibility of more rigorous measures, and universal disgust, are the only results of such removals.

A PLEASANT PICTURE.

The following testimony to the character of the freedmen we take from the correspondence of the New York *Times*. That paper will not be suspected of employing correspondents to write Radical letters; and we have not seen an apparently truer picture of the actual conduct and temper of this important class of citizens. From the beginning of the war until now they have constantly justified the efforts made for them and the confidence felt in them by the other loyal people of the country:

"When the war was over the question, 'What shall we do with the blacks?' agitated the whole country. The very fact that the negro had been held to work all his life under compulsion was taken as an indication that under freedom he would *not* work, and would become an unmanageable and unendurable burden on the community. This anticipated evil found expression, on the part of the South, in the negro codes—a system of legislation next only in infamy to slavery itself. The establishment of the Freedmen's Bureau—an institution which, in spite of some attendant evils, has been of incalculable benefit to the South—happily broke this up, and the blacks were left free to choose their own employers. Well, to the joy of his friends and the discomfiture of his enemies, the negro became an industrious laborer. It is true things did not work very smoothly the first year, but they were a great deal better the second, and this year the demonstration of the industry and fidelity of the colored class is complete. Throughout the South there is only one answer to the question as to how the negroes are doing: 'Very well; better than could have been expected; better than ever before'—variant in form, but so strong in its cumulative evidence as to leave no doubt in the mind of any dispassionate observer.

"Then there came that severer test to the negro—he was made a citizen. This was a measure the wisdom of which was gravely doubted by the majority, even of those who really wished well to the colored man. I confess that when I went South I believed the enfranchisement of the blacks would prove a mistake; but I very soon perceived that it was at least a *necessity*. And, indeed, I have seen no fair-minded Southerner who does not admit that when the negro was deprived of the protection of his master it was absolutely necessary he should have that other protection which comes from the possession of political rights. But here again a pleasant surprise met us. To justify the faith reposed in him, the colored man began eagerly to fit himself by education for citizenship. The progress in this regard has been most astonishing. Not only are the children being taught, but adults show a passionate hunger for learning; and if an educational qualification had been required for voting, I believe that before the next election there would hardly have been a black man in the South that would not have been able to read and write. I must add that equally gratifying has been the improvement in morals—in honesty, truthfulness, and chastity."

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

Such is the precise character of science that those who are most familiar with chemistry have no difficulty in imitating nature exactly in the production of odors, colors, and some other equally curious exhibitions of what were once supposed to be beyond the ingenuity of man. There is not a fruit grown the rich juices of which are not imitated in manufacturing establishments so as to be more desirable than the original article copied, on the score of economy. Apple, plum, cherry, peach, raspberry, strawberry, pine-apple, and others, prized in confectionery, are used in confectionery houses instead of the real natural juice. Why are they not equally good and wholesome? They are as really the same thing as the juice of two pine-apples are intrinsically the same. Nature makes by one process, and science teaches how the component elements may be mixed and instantly produce precisely the same fluid, with its characteristic flavor. Our ice-creams, when apparently charged with the fresh juices of fruits, as they formerly were, are now dependent on these artificial productions for their excellent flavor of some favorite fruit. Colors, beautiful as the rainbow, of every imaginable hue, and brilliant as the tints of a rose-leaf or a violet, are extensively produced from coal dug out of the bowels of the earth. Science is the strong arm of an advancing civilization.

CONSUMPTION OF TOBACCO.

Reformatory efforts of the most persevering character have been brought to bear upon smokers, chewers, and snuff-takers without the least effect. Notwithstanding prohibitory laws, enormous taxation on the growth and sale of the terrible vegetable narcotic, its use has extended over the globe. The savage and the Christianized philosopher, the king and the peasant, are alike slaves to tobacco. Neither the denunciations of His Majesty James I. of England, or a Sultan of Turkey threatening to burn out the eyes with the hot ashes of his subjects who should smoke the hateful weed, which he resolved to drive from his dominions, ever checked its onward progress. Writers, philanthropists, lecturers, learned physicians, and men and women of all orders have reasoned against it, appealed to the common-sense of the people, plead with their friends and fought with a common enemy, to no earthly purpose. Tobacco is triumphant. Even the last great tax on the luxury of cigars and pigtail, by Congress, which seemed likely to limit its consumption, has had no more effect than beating an elephant with a feather. But in the mean while people die prematurely of palsy of the heart, cancerous stomachs, and diseased lungs from its excessive use; and they will continue to do so if half the world is depopulated by this vegetable tyrant.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

A few of the freedmen of the first and fourth districts of Georgia are advocating the propriety of running men of their own color for Congress. A colored Conservative candidate has been put forward, it is believed by the whites. The colored men repudiate him, and on August 31 mobbed a couple of colored orators who advocated his claims. Governor Orr, of South Carolina, expresses the opinion that the prominence of negroes in politics will produce a reaction in the North. Something of the same idea appears to have inspired the unreconstructed of Georgia to nominate a conservative negro.

Wade Hampton prefers the present military governments at the South to reconstruction on the terms accepted in Tennessee. He favored universal suffrage.

NEWS ITEMS.

We trust we have had in the disastrous ending of the ocean trip of the little yacht *John T. Ford* the last of all ocean adventures which are inspired by the desire for notoriety or are originated by the spirit of gaming. There is no true, lasting glory to be won in any enterprise, however daring, however innocent, which has not a good and noble purpose in view; nor is there any true courage evinced in crossing the ocean in miniature ships, perfect in every respect and strong and stanch in proportion as the largest. Experienced navigators assert that there is no greater danger to such vessels in mid-ocean than in the calmest of our inland bays; and the experience of the *John T. Ford* clearly proves this. That vessel, the smallest ocean vessel ever built, after safely crossing the ocean was capsized by a sudden squall in the English channel at the moment the voyage was being concluded. Captain Charles A. Gold, and Edmund Murphy were drowned; and the one passenger who was carried out was saved only to find himself set down as a foolish fellow for his venturesome spirit. At the time of the sailing of the *Ford* we gave an engraving of the vessel, and portraits of Captain Gold and the seaman Murphy. Those of our readers interested in the subject will find the engravings and particulars of the vessel in the *Weekly* for June 1, 1867.

The tunnel of the Central Pacific Railroad through the Sierra Nevada mountains, 1658 feet in length, was finished on August 29.

A brutal prize fight between two ruffians known as "Mike M'Coole" and "Aaron Jones" occurred at Busenback's Station, Ohio, on August 31. Two thousand persons witnessed it. Jones, "a professional," was deservedly well whipped, and the other, "an amateur," was soundly punished.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Napoleon has lately been indulging extensively in speeches. At Arras, on August 2, he said in a very oracular manner: "Weak Governments often seek to divert public attention from domestic troubles by fomenting foreign quarrels. On the other hand, those Governments which rest on the national will, have strength, and need only resort to whatever shall tend to promote the permanent interests of the country, as a means of upholding the honor of the national flag." At Lille he expressed the hope "that commerce would improve with the certainty of peace." At Amiens he declared that the glory of France had not been tarnished in Mexico, and said he was certain the peace of Europe would not be disturbed.

Mosquera, of Columbia, and Santa Anna, of Mexico, after agitating their respective countries for many years, inciting and sustaining civil wars which have retarded their progress and placed them far behind other nations in civilization, power, and influence, have been indicted and are to be shortly tried for the crime of treason.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

[We reproduce on this page the interesting engraving of "Sheridan's Ride to the Front," published three years ago; and in connection with it we give the spirited verses of T. Buchanan Read, now well known and admired throughout the country. It will be seen by the following note from the distinguished author that the poem was inspired by the picture of Mr. Ettinge:

"New York, *Aug.* 29, 1867.

"*Ed. Harper's Weekly:*

"Dear Sir,—In reply to your question, it gives me pleasure to acknowledge that the spirited picture which you published of 'Sheridan's Ride' inspired me with the final impulse to write the poem.

"Very respectfully, T. Buchanan Read."]

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame;
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES.—[See First Page.]

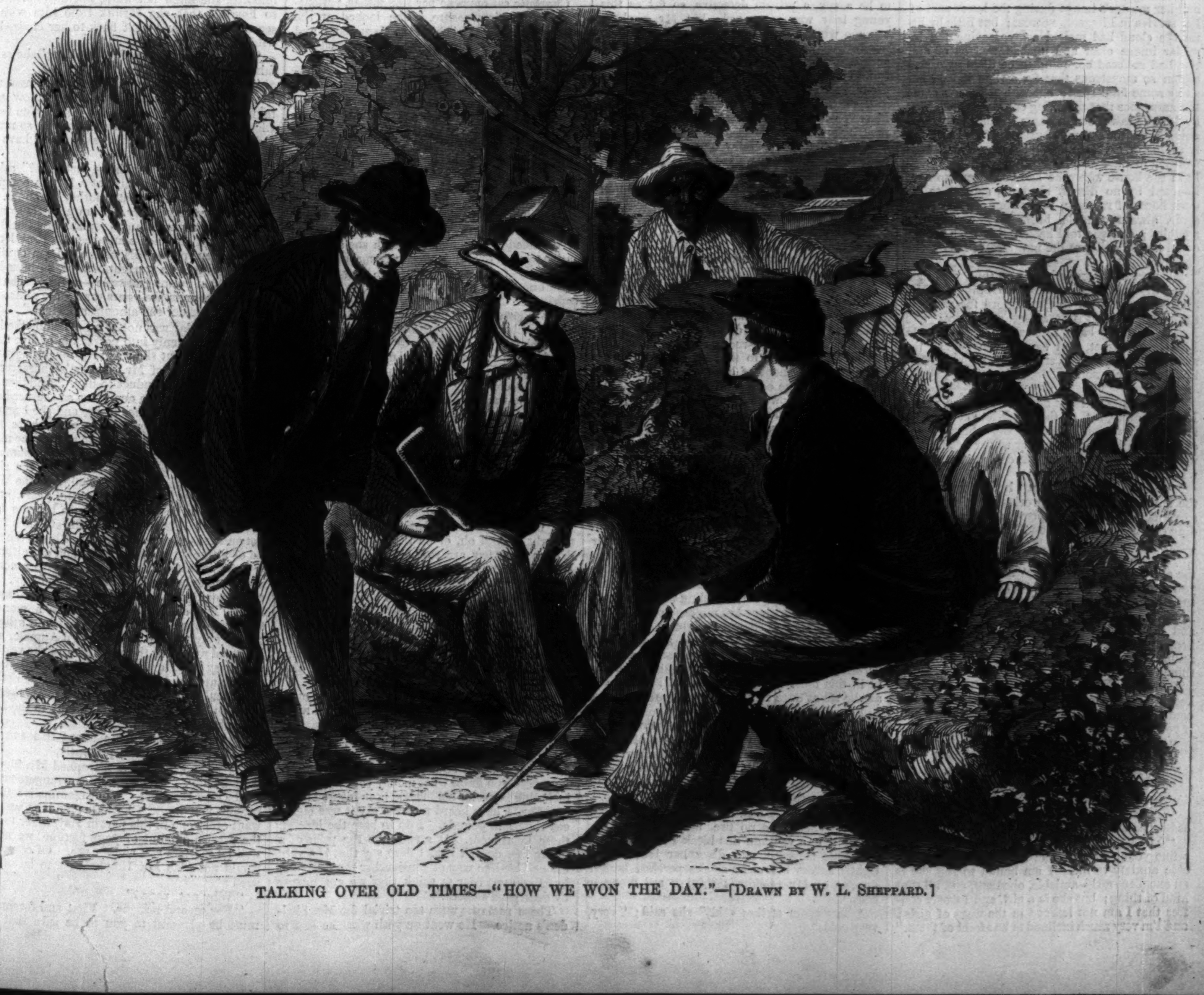
EMMANUEL CHURCH, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND.

TALKING OVER OLD TIMES.

There is hardly a day passes in which we do not receive one or more manuscripts of war reminiscences, stories, or anecdotes; there are dozens of war histories now being published; the daily papers frequently publish war documents just unearthed; allusions to the late war obtrude into every conversation; and it would seem that the people can not forget, even in the midst of the present great political excitement, "the old war times." They never tire of reading and talking and hearing of it; and every village—almost every farm, can furnish a prototype for the soldier in our engraving who tells the story of "how we won the day." The picture will appeal to all.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND.

We illustrate on this page the parish church of Alleghany County, at Cumberland, Maryland. Emmanuel Church is built of a yellow stone obtained from a neighboring quarry. It is built on "Fort Hill," which is nearly in the centre of the city. A fine view is had from the church; the city with its steeples and winding ways is scattered beneath and around; mountain and hill, creek and canal, with the ever-busy railroad, are seen on either hand. The scenery of Cumberland, picturesque from any stand-point, is essentially so from "Fort Hill," once the site of a defensive work during the Colonial Indian Wars, and mentioned in the correspondence of Washington, who was frequently in its neighborhood. Cumberland, it may be added, is a place containing over 12,000 inhabitants; and on the latest map of the State is set down as the second city of Maryland, being next to Baltimore in population.



TALKING OVER OLD TIMES—"HOW WE WON THE DAY."—[Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.]

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book VII.—Charlotte's Engagement.

CHAPTER V.

MR. SHELDON IS BENEVOLENT.

NANCY WOOLPER had lost little of her activity during the ten years that had gone by since she received her wages from Mr. Sheldon on his breaking up his establishment in Fitzgeorge Street. Her master had given her the opportunity of remaining in his service, had she so pleased; but Mrs. Woolper was a person of independent, not to say haughty, spirit, and she had preferred to join her small fortunes with those of a nephew who was about to begin business as a chandler and general dealer in a very small way, rather than to submit herself to the sway of that lady whom she insisted on calling Miss Georgy.

"It's so long since I've been used to a missus," she said, when announcing her decision to Mr. Sheldon, "I doubt if I could do with Miss Georgy's finnickin ways. I should feel tewed like, if she came into the kitchen, worritin' and asking questions. I've been used to my own ways, and I don't suppose I could do with hers."

So Nancy departed, to enter on a career of unpaid drudgery in the household of her kinsman, and to lose the last shilling of her small savings in the futile endeavor to sustain the fortunes of the general dealer. His death, following very speedily upon his insolvency, left the poor soul quite adrift; and in this extremity she had been fain to make her appeal to Mr. Sheldon. His reply came in due course, but not without upward of a week's delay; during which time Nancy Woolper's spirits sank very low, while a dreary vision of a living grave, called a workhouse, loomed more and more darkly upon her poor old eyes. She had well-nigh given up all hope of succor from her old master when the letter came, and she was the more inclined to be grateful for very small help after this interval of suspense. It was not without strong emotion that Mrs. Woolper obeyed her old master's summons. She had nursed the hard, cold man of the world whom she was going to see once more after ten years of severance; and though it was more difficult for her to imagine that Philip Sheldon the stock-broker was the same Philip she had carried in her stout arms and hushed upon her breast forty years ago than it would have been to fancy the dead who had lived in those days restored to life and walking by her side, still she could not forget that such things had been, and could not refrain from looking at her master with more loving eyes because of that memory.

A strange, dark cloud had arisen between her and her master's image during the latter part of her service in Fitzgeorge Street; but little by little the cloud had melted away, leaving the familiar image clear and unshadowed as of old. She had suffered her mind to be filled by a suspicion so monstrous that for a time it held her as by some fatal spell; but with reflection came the assurance that this thing could not be. Day by day she saw the man whom she had suspected, going about the common business of his life, coldly serene of aspect, untroubled of manner, confronting fortune with his head erect, living quietly in the house where he had been wont to live, haunted by no dismal shadows, subject to no dark hours of remorse, no sudden access of despair, always equable, business-like, and untroubled; and she told herself that such a man could not be guilty of the unutterable horror she had imagined.

For a year things had gone on thus, and then came the marriage with Mrs. Halliday. Mr. Sheldon went down to Barlingford for the performance of that interesting ceremony; and Nancy Woolper bade farewell to the house in Fitzgeorge Street, and handed the key to the agent, who was to deliver it in due course to Mr. Sheldon's successor.

To-day, after a lapse of more than ten years, Mrs. Woolper sat in the stock-broker's study, facing the scrutinizing gaze of those bright black eyes, which had been familiar to her of old, and which had lost none of their cold glitter in the wear and tear of life.

"Then you think you can be of some use in the house, as a kind of overlooker of the other servants, eh, Nancy—to prevent waste and gadding out of doors, and so on?" said Mr. Sheldon, interrogatively.

"Ay, sure, that I can, Mr. Philip," answered the old woman, promptly; "and if I don't save you more money than I cost you, the sooner you turn me out o' doors the better. I know what London servants are, and I know their ways; and if Miss Georgy doesn't take to the housekeeping, I know as how things must be hugger-mugger-like below stairs, however smart and tidy things may be above."

"Mrs. Sheldon knows about as much of housekeeping as a baby," replied Philip, with supreme contempt. "She'll not interfere with you; and if you serve me faithfully—"

"That I allers did, Mr. Philip."

"Yes, yes; I dare say you did. But I want faithful service in the future as well as in the past. Of course you know that I have a step-daughter?"

"Tom Halliday's little girl, as went to school at Scarborough."

"The same. But poor Tom's little girl is now a fine young woman, and a source of considerable anxiety to me. I am bound to say she is an excellent girl—amiable, obedient, and all that kind of thing; but she *is* a girl, and I freely confess that I am not learned in the ways of girls; and I'm very much inclined to be afraid of them."

"As how, Sir?"

"Well, you see, Nancy, they come home from school with their silly heads full of romantic stuff, fit for nothing but to read novels and strum upon the piano; and before you know where you are they fall over head and ears in love with the first decent-looking young man who pays them a compliment. At least that's my experience."

"Meaning Miss Halliday, Sir?" asked Nancy, simply. "Has she fallen in love with some young chap?"

"She has, and with a young chap who is not yet in a position to support a wife. Now, if this girl were my own child, I should decidedly set my face against this marriage; but as she is only my step-daughter, I wash my hands of all responsibility in the matter. 'Marry the man you have chosen, my dear,' say I; 'all I ask is that you don't marry him until he can give you a comfortable home.' 'Very well, papa,' says my young lady, in her most dutiful manner; and 'Very well, Sir,' says my young gentleman; and they both declare themselves agreeable to any amount of delay, provided the marriage comes off some time between this and doomsday."

"Well, Sir?" asked Nancy, rather at a loss to understand why Philip Sheldon, the closest and most reserved of men, should happen to be so confidential to-day.

"Well, Nancy, what I want to prevent is any underhand work. I know what very limited notions of honor young men are apt to entertain nowadays, and how intensely foolish a boarding-school miss can be on occasion. I don't want these young people to run off to Gretna Green some fine morning, or to steal a march upon me by getting married on the sly at some out-of-the-way church, after having invested their united fortunes in the purchase of a special license. In plain words, I distrust Miss Halliday's lover, and I distrust Miss Halliday's common-sense; and I want to have a sensible, sharp-eyed person in the house always on the look-out for any kind of danger, and able to protect my step-daughter's interests as well as my own."

"But the young lady's mamma, Sir—she would look after her daughter, I suppose?"

"Her mamma is foolishly indulgent, and about as capable of taking care of her daughter as of sitting in Parliament. You remember pretty Georgy Cradock, and you must know what she was—and what she is. Mrs. Sheldon is the same woman as Georgy Cradock—a little older, and a little more plump and rosy; but just as pretty, and just as useless."

The interview was prolonged for some little time after this, and it ended in a thorough understanding between Mr. Sheldon and his old servant. Nancy Woolper was to re-enter that gentleman's service, and, over and above all ordinary duties, she was to undertake the duty of keeping a close watch upon all the movements of Charlotte Halliday. In plain words, she was to be a spy, a private detective, so far as this young lady was concerned; but Mr. Sheldon was too wise to put his requirements into plain words, well knowing that even in the hour of her extremity Nancy Woolper would have refused to fill such an office had she clearly understood the measure of its infamy.

Upon the day that followed his interview with Mrs. Woolper the stock-broker came home from the City an hour or two earlier than his custom, and startled Miss Halliday by appearing in the garden where she was walking alone, looking her brightest and prettiest in her dark winter hat and jacket, and pacing briskly to and fro among the bare frost-bound patches of earth that had once been flower-beds.

"I want a few minutes' quiet talk with you, Lotta," said Mr. Sheldon. "You'd better come into my study, where we're pretty sure not to be interrupted."

The girl blushed crimson as she acceded to this request, being assured that Mr. Sheldon was going to discuss her matrimonial engagement. Valentine had told her of that very satisfactory interview in the dining-room, and from that time she had been trying to find an opportunity for the acknowledgment of her step-father's generosity. As yet the occasion had not arisen. She did not know how to frame her thanksgiving, and she shrank shyly from telling Mr. Sheldon how grateful she was to him for the liberality of mind which had distinguished his conduct in this affair.

"I really ought to thank him," she said to herself more than once. "I was quite prepared for his doing his uttermost to prevent my marriage with Valentine; and, instead of that, he volunteers his consent, and even promises to give us a fortune. I am bound to thank him for such generous kindness."

Perhaps there is no task more difficult than to offer grateful tribute to a person whom one has been apt to think of with a feeling very near akin to dislike. Ever since her mother's second marriage Charlotte had striven against an instinctive distaste for Mr. Sheldon's society, and an innate distrust of Mr. Sheldon's affectionate regard for herself; but now that he had proved his sincerity in this most important crisis of her life, she awoke all at once to the sense of the wrong she had done.

"I am always reading the Sermon on the Mount, and yet in my thoughts about Mr. Sheldon I have never been able to remember those words: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' His kindness touches me to the very heart, and I feel it all the more keenly because of my injustice."

She followed her step-father into the prim little study. There was no fire, and the room was colder than a vault on this bleak December day. Charlotte shivered, and drew her jacket more tightly across her chest as she perched herself on one of Mr. Sheldon's shining red morocco chairs.

"The room strikes cold," she said; "very, very cold."

After this there was a brief pause, during which Mr. Sheldon took some papers from the pocket of his over-coat and arranged them on his desk with an absent manner, as if he were rather deliberating upon what he was going to say than thinking of what he was doing. While he loitered thus Charlotte found courage to speak.

"I wish to thank you, Mr. Sheldon—papa," she said, pronouncing the "papa" with some slight appearance of effort, in spite of her desire to be grateful: "I—I have been wishing to thank you for the last day or two; only it seems so difficult sometimes to express one's self about these things."

"I do not deserve or wish for your thanks, my dear. I have only done my duty."

"But, indeed, you do deserve my thanks, and you have them in all sincerity, papa. You have been very, very good to me—about—about Valentine. I thought you would be sure to oppose our marriage on the ground of imprudence, you know, and—"

"I do oppose your marriage in the present on the ground of imprudence, and I am only consentient to it in the future on the condition that Mr. Hawkehurst shall have secured a comfortable income by his literary labors. He seems to be clever, and he promises fairly—"

"Oh yes, indeed, dear papa," cried the girl, pleased by this meed of praise for her lover; "he is more than clever. I am sure you would say so if you had time to read his article on Madame de Sévigné in the *Cheapside*."

"I dare say it's very good, my dear; but I don't care for Madame de Sévigné—"

"Or his sketch of Bossuet's career in the *Charing Cross*."

"My dear child, I do not even know who Bossuet was. All I require from Mr. Hawkehurst is, that he shall earn a good income before he takes you away from this house. You have been accustomed to a certain style of living, and I can not allow you to encounter a life of poverty."

"But, dear papa, I am not in the least afraid of poverty."

"I dare say not, my dear. You have never been poor," replied Mr. Sheldon, coolly. "I don't suppose I am as much afraid of a rattlesnake as the poor wretches who are accustomed to see one swinging by his tail from the branch of a tree any day in the course of their travels. I have only a vague idea that a cobra de capello is an unpleasant customer; but depend upon it, those foreign fellows feel their blood stagnate and turn to ice at sight of the cold slimy-looking monster. Poverty and I traveled the same road once, and I know what the gentleman is. I don't want to meet him again."

Mr. Sheldon lapsed into silence after this. His last words had been spoken to himself rather than to Charlotte, and the thoughts that accompanied them seemed far from pleasant to him.

Charlotte sat opposite her step-father, patiently awaiting his pleasure. She looked at the gaudily-bound books behind the glass doors, and wondered whether any one had ever opened any of the volumes.

"I should like to read dear Sir Walter's stories once more," she thought; "there never, never was so sweet a romance as the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and I can not imagine that one could ever grow weary of reading it. But to ask Mr. Sheldon for the key of that book-case would be quite impossible. I think his books must be copies of special editions, not meant to be read. I wonder whether they are real books, or only upholsterer's dummies?"

And then her fancies went vagabondizing off to that little archetype of a cottage on the heights of Wimbledon Common, in which she and Valentine were to live when they were married. She was always furnishing and refurnishing this cottage, building it up and pulling it down, as the caprice of the moment dictated. Now it had bow-windows and white stuccoed walls—now it was Elizabethan—now the simplest, quaintest, rose-embowered cottager's dwelling, with diamond-paned casements, and deep thatch upon the old gray roof. This afternoon she amused herself by collecting a small library for Valentine, while waiting Mr. Sheldon's next observation. He was to have all her favorite books, of course; and they were to be bound in the prettiest, most girlish bindings. She could see the dainty volumes, primly ranged on the little carved oak book-case, which Valentine was to "pick up" in Wardour Street. She fancied herself walking down that mart of bric-a-brac arm in arm with her lover, intent on "picking up." Ah, what happiness! what dear delight in the thought! And oh, of all the bright dreams we dream, how few are realized upon this earth! Do they find their fulfillment in heaven, those visions of perfect bliss?

Mr. Sheldon looked up from his desk at last. Miss Halliday remarked to herself that his face was pale and haggard in the chill wintry sunlight; but she knew how hard and self-denying a life he led in his stern devotion to business, and she was in no manner surprised to see him looking ill.

"I want to say a few words to you on a matter of business, Lotta," he began, "and I must ask you to give me all your attention."

"I will do so with pleasure, papa, but I am awfully stupid about business."

"I shall do my best to make matters simple. I suppose you know what money your father left, including the sums his life had been insured for?"

"Yes, I have heard mamma say it was eighteen thousand pounds. I do so hate the idea of those insurances. It seems like the price of a man's life, doesn't it? I dare say that is a very unbusiness-like way of considering the question, but I can not bear to think that we got money by dear papa's death."

These remarks were too trivial for Mr. Sheldon's notice. He went on with what he had to say, in the cold hard voice that was familiar to his clerks and to the buyers and sellers of shares and stock who had dealings with him.

"Your father left eighteen thousand pounds; that amount was left to your mother, without reservation. When she married me, without any settlement, that money became mine, in point of law—mine to squander or make away with as I pleased. You know that I have made good use of that money, and that your mother has had no reason to repent her confidence in my honor and honesty. The time has now come in which that honor will be put to a sharper test. You have no legal claim on so much as a shilling of your father's fortune."

"I know that, Mr. Sheldon," cried Charlotte, eagerly, "and Valentine knows also; and, believe me, I do not expect—"

"I have to settle matters with my own conscience as well as with your expectations, my dear Lotta," Mr. Sheldon said, solemnly. "Your father left you unprovided for; but, as a man of honor, I feel myself bound to take care that you shall not suffer by his want of caution. I have therefore prepared a deed of gift, by which I transfer to you five thousand pounds, now invested in Unitas Bank shares."

"You are going to give me five thousand pounds!" cried Charlotte, astounded.

"Without reservation."

"You mean to say that you will give me this fortune when I marry, papa?" said Charlotte, interrogatively.

"I shall give it to you immediately," replied Mr. Sheldon. "I wish you to be thoroughly independent of me and my pleasure. You will then understand that if I insist upon the prudence of delay, I do so in your interest and not in my own. I wish you to feel that if I am a hindrance to your immediate marriage, it is not because I wish to delay the disbursement of your dowry."

"Oh, Mr. Sheldon—oh, papa, you are more than generous—you are noble! It is not that I care for the money. Oh, believe me, there is no one in the world who could care less for that than I do. But your thoughtful kindness, your generosity, touches me to the very heart. Oh, please let me kiss you, just as if you were my own dear father come back to life to protect and guide me. I have thought you cold and worldly. I have done you so much wrong."

She ran to him, and wound her arms about his neck before he could put her off, and lifted up her pretty rosy mouth to his dry, hot lips. Her heart was overflowing with generous emotion, her face beamed with a happy smile. She was so pleased to find her mother's husband better than she had thought him. But, to her supreme astonishment, he thrust her from him roughly, almost violently; and looking up at his face she saw it darkened by a blacker shadow than she had ever seen upon it before. Anger, terror, pain, remorse, she knew not what, but an expression so horrible that she shrunk from him with a sense of alarm, and went back to her chair, bewildered and trembling.

"You frightened me, Mr. Sheldon," she said, faintly.

"Not more than you frightened me," answered the stock-broker, walking to the window and taking his stand there, with his face hidden from Charlotte. "I did not know there was so much feeling in me. For God's sake, let us have no sentiment."

"Were you angry with me just now?" asked the girl, falteringly, utterly at a loss to comprehend the change in her step-father's manner.

"No, I was not angry. I am not accustomed to these strong emotions," replied Mr. Sheldon, huskily; "I can not stand them. Pray let us avoid all sentimental discussion. I am anxious to do my duty in a straightforward, business-like way. I don't want gratitude—or fuss. The five thousand pounds are yours, and I am pleased to find you consider the amount sufficient."

Miss Halliday was not at all elated by the idea of coming suddenly into possession of five thousand pounds; but she was very much impressed by the new view of Mr. Sheldon's character afforded her by his conduct to-day. And then her thoughts, constant to one point as the needle to the pole, reverted to her lover, and she began to think of the effect her fortune might have upon his prospects. He might go to the bar, he might work and study in pleasant Temple chambers, with wide airy windows overlooking the river, and read law-books in the evening at the Wimbledon cottage for a few delightful years, at the end of which he would of course become Lord Chancellor. That he should devote such intellect and consecrate such genius as his to the service of his country's law-courts and *not* ultimately seat himself on the Woolsack, was a contingency not to be imagined by Miss Halliday. Ah, what would not five thousand pounds buy for him! The cottage expanded into a mansion, the little case of books developed into a library second only to that of the Duc d'Aumale, a noble steed waited at the glass door of the vestibule to convey Mr. Hawkehurst to the Temple, before the minute-hand of Mr. Sheldon's stern skeleton clock had passed from one figure to another: so great an adept was this young lady in the art of castle-building.

"Am I to tell mamma about this conversation?" asked Charlotte, presently.

"Well, no, I think not," replied Mr. Sheldon, thoughtfully. "These family arrangements can not be kept too quiet. Your mamma is a talking person, you know, Charlotte; and as we don't want every one in this part of Bayswater to know the precise amount of your fortune, we may as well let matters rest as they are. Of course you would not wish Mr. Hawkehurst to be enlightened?"

"Why not, papa?"

"For several reasons. First and foremost, it must be pleasant to you to be sure that he is

thoroughly disinterested. I have told him that you will have something as a gift from me; but he may have implied that the something would be little more than a couple of hundreds to furnish a house. Secondly, it must be remembered that he has been brought up in a bad school, and the best way to make him self-reliant and industrious is to let him think he has nothing but his own industry to depend upon. I have set him a task. When he has accomplished that he shall have you and your five thousand pounds to boot. Till then I should strongly advise you to keep this business a secret."

"Yes," answered Charlotte, meditatively; "I think you are right. It would have been very nice to tell him of your kindness; but I want to be quite sure that he loves me for myself alone—from first to last—without one thought of money."

"That is wise," said Mr. Sheldon, decisively; and thus ended the interview.

Charlotte accompanied her step-father to the City early next morning, and assisted in a little commercial juggling, in the form of signing and counter-signing, which was quite beyond her comprehension; after which operation she was owner of five thousand pounds in Unitas Bank shares, and that the dividends accruing from time to time on those shares would be hers to dispose of as she pleased.

"The income arising from your capital will be more than you can spend so long as you remain under my roof," said Mr. Sheldon. "I should therefore strongly recommend you to invest your dividends as they arise, and thus increase your capital."

"You are so kind and thoughtful," murmured Charlotte; "I shall always be pleased to take your advice."

She was strongly impressed by the kindness of the man her thoughts had wronged.

"How difficult it is to understand these reserved, matter-of-fact people!" she said to herself. "Because my step-father does not talk sentiment I have fancied him hard and worldly; and yet he has proved himself as capable of doing a noble action as if he were the most poetical of mankind."

Mrs. Sheldon had been told that Charlotte was going into the City to choose a new watch, wherewith to replace the ill-used little Geneva toy that had been her delight as a school-girl; and as Charlotte brought home a neat little English-made chronometer from a renowned emporium on Ludgate Hill the simple matron accepted this explanation in all good faith.

"I'm sure, Lotta, you must confess your step-father is kindness itself in most matters," said Georgy, after an admiring examination of the new watch. "When I think how kindly he has taken this business about Mr. Hawkehurst, and how disinterested he has proved himself in his ideas about your marriage, I really am inclined to think him the best of men."

Georgy said this with an air of triumph. She could not forget that there were people in Barlingford who had said hard things about Philip Sheldon, and had prophesied unutterable miseries for herself and her daughter as the bitter consequence of the imprudence she had been guilty of in her second marriage.

"He has indeed been very good, mamma," Charlotte replied, gravely; "and, believe me, I am truly grateful. He does not like fuss or sentiment; but I hope he knows that I appreciate his kindness."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SOME twenty years ago, when Taylor's Ice-Cream Saloon was first opened, and occupied the ground-floor of a common dwelling-house on Broadway, a couple of medical students started out one warm summer evening on a somewhat eccentric tour. They left their then "up town" dwelling-house with the resolution to walk down Broadway and take an ice-cream at every saloon they passed between home and the Park. When they reached Taylor's they had only one more establishment to visit—Thompson & Weller's we think it was—to complete their undertaking. Not a very severe or hazardous task was it in those days either. But if a body should start from an "up town" boarding-place nowadays, and walk down Broadway eating an ice-cream at every saloon till he reached the Park, we wonder how he would feel when he got there!

The time was, and not so *very* long ago, when the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan hotels were quite too far "up town" to suit the convenience of merchants—when a residence in Union Square was deemed altogether too much out of the way for business men. A gradual and steady progress "up town" has been going on during all these years; and within the past few months the changes which have taken place are striking and numerous. Union Square is rapidly becoming a popular business section. Private residences are being turned into groceries, restaurants, and clothing stores. Dr. Cheever's Church is being prepared for an exhibition of paintings this fall, and will be christened "Pilgrim Hall." A large carriage emporium is in progress of erection on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue.

Every thing seems to be tending toward the Central Park. Churches, hotels, museums, opera-houses, theatres, charitable institutions, etc., etc., are rapidly being erected in the upper sections of the city. A new Methodist Episcopal church is in progress of erection at the corner of Forty-seventh Street and Madison Avenue. A Reformed Dutch church is to be built at the corner of Forty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. A handsome Club House is nearly finished at the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue. Booth's Theatre, corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, is in progress; and many hotels, asylums, and other public buildings, indicate by their locality that the tide is pressing upward.

During the past season the Commissioners of the Central Park have afforded facilities for ball-playing to a large number of boys from the public schools of the city. It is intended next season to set apart one or more grounds where the girls of the schools can play at croquet and other games under regulations adapted to their amusement and protection. Also extensive arrangements have been made, and still are in progress, for the amusement and accommodation of a still younger class of children who are not able to engage in set, active games.

Those who have "Rooms to Let" should understand a "new dodge." Two young men, well dressed, and apparently respectable, recently called at a house and requested the lady to show some rooms which were advertised to let. One of them went up stairs to see the rooms, the other remained below. They soon left, and after they had gone it was discovered that a watch and several other articles were missing.

Sad cases of destitution are far more common than those who live in comfort and luxury ever suppose. A short time since a woman and a young child were discovered in a tenement-house in Brooklyn dying from sheer starvation. The wretched woman had been abandoned by her husband, and being taken ill, preferred to starve rather than expose her condition. Another woman, living in Williamsburg, was found in a helpless condition alone with one dying infant only a few days old, and another child lying dead in the room in a state of decomposition.

Madame Ristori will return to this city early in September, and about the middle of the month reappear at the French Theatre.

About the middle of October a singular trial of strength in walking is to be commenced. Weston, the young pedestrian, who created somewhat of a sensation in 1861 by walking from Boston to Washington, has arranged to walk from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, Illinois, a distance of 1200 miles, in twenty-six walking days, the sum of $10,000 being the wager. This task is to be performed within thirty days from starting, Sundays being devoted to rest; the post-road is to be followed, and Weston is to walk 100 consecutive miles inside of twenty-four consecutive hours as a part of the feat, he being privileged to make five trials, on such days as he may select, provided he fails in his first attempt. He will be accompanied by sworn witnesses, who are to follow him in a wagon, and are to make statement under oath as to his progress. Exercise is a good thing, but this appears to be "too much of a good thing."

A certain enterprising young journal is accustomed to advertise as having "the largest circulation of any paper *of its class* in the country." Something similar said Johnny when his father asked him, "Well, my son, where are you now in the spelling-class?" "Next to the head." "And how many are there in your class?" "I and another little boy."

A patent has been taken out for a car which can be used in transporting fresh meats in warm weather without their becoming injured. Recently a car of this kind has been tested in bringing meat from Ohio, and with perfect success. The sides of the car are double, the space between being filled with strips of cork. At each end, near the top of the car, is a chamber filled with ice. A large fan works in a circular opening at the top of the car, forcing a current of air down through the ice. The cold air then rises up at the bottom, and circulates all through the car. As the ice melts the water and the impure air escape through the bottom of the car.

A distressed applicant for divorce in St. Louis states her grievances something as follows: 1. She was not allowed on the wedding-tour to have a fire at the hotel because of expense. 2. She had a tough beef-steak for breakfast. 3. Her husband would not furnish her with a feather-bed; and last, but not least, he did not pass her the mutton-chops and vegetables at dinner, but left her to help herself!

An "Elevated Bedstead" has been patented which may prove wonderfully convenient if house rents should increase. The object of this invention is to so arrange bedsteads in apartments where room is to be economized, that they may be completely concealed during daytime. The invention consists in suspending the bedstead by means of ropes or cords from the ceiling of the room, the ropes passing over pulleys that are provided in the ceilings, so that by pulling the ropes the bedstead may be elevated to the ceiling and be fitted in a recess provided therein for its reception.

Imagination has an extraordinary influence on the human mind and body. An example in point recently occurred. The Eastern Express Company received on board a Boston boat a long box, addressed to Halifax. It was marked "*head*" and "*feet*," and those who had any thing to do with it drew their own inferences. The hands, in putting the box on board, detected an unpleasant smell issuing from it, which was considered nothing unusual. The smell increased during the passage, so that every body shunned the box, and it was got rid of as soon as the boat reached her wharf. So offensive was the odor that it would not be allowed in the warehouse. The first teamster sent to remove it from the wharf would not put it into his wagon; and a second one was so affected by the smell that he became sick and giddy. Finally, it was got into the wagon, and hurried to the office; where somebody determined to investigate. A hatchet was procured, and one of the boards lifted. A very handsome carved Indian figure in wood was disclosed to the gaze of the crest-fallen teamsters, every thing about it as clean and as sweet as a new planed board! It was intended as a sign for some enterprising tobacconist.

In Paris the omnibuses are provided with stairs which lead to the top. The fare on top is three sous or cents; inside six sous. A sign at the end states the number of seats inside and on top, and when these are filled the sign "Complet" is exhibited, and no one else is allowed or even thinks of entering. A man is always stationed at the entrance, on the steps, to collect fare and see that all is conducted properly. The Paris cabs are a small covered carriage to accommodate from two to four passengers. Before you enter the driver is required to hand you a card containing the number of his cab and the price to be charged. The price for going to any one part of the city is one and a half francs; or if you wish the cab by the hour you pay two and a quarter francs. There are more than nine thousand such cabs in the city.

The following incident is said—with what truth we know not—to have occurred in a certain church in Scotland. One Sunday, at the close of the afternoon service, the good parson descended from the pulpit to the desk below, and said in a calm, clear voice:

"Those desiring to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony will now come forward."

No one stirred. The silence became almost audible, and a painful sense of awkwardness among those present was felt, when a young gentleman who occupied a seat in the broad aisle during the service slowly and deliberately walked to the foot of the altar. He was good-looking and well dressed, but no female accompanied his travels. When he arrived within a respectful distance of the clergyman he paused, and with a reverend bow stepped to one side of the aisle, but neither said any thing, nor seemed at all disconcerted at the idea of being married alone.

The clergyman looked anxiously around for the bride, who he supposed was yet to arrive, and at length remarked to the young gentleman in an undertone:

"The lady, Sir, is dilatory."

"Yes, Sir."

"Had you better not defer the ceremony?"

"I think not."

"Do you suppose she will be here soon?"

"Me, Sir?" said the young gentleman; "how should I know the lady's movements?"

A few moments were suffered to elapse in this unpleasant state of expectancy, when the clergyman renewed his interrogatories.

"Did the lady promise to attend at the present hour, Sir?"

"What lady?"

"Why, the lady, to be sure, that you are waiting here for."

"I did not hear any thing about it," was the unsatisfactory response.

"Then, Sir, may I ask you why you are here, and for what purpose you thus trifle in the sanctuary of the Most High?" said the somewhat enraged clerical.

"I came, Sir, simply because you invited all those desiring to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to step forward, and I happened to entertain such a wish. I am very sorry to have misunderstood you, Sir, and I wish you a very good-day."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Irish priest wishing to explain the nature of a miracle to a skeptical parishioner gave the wretch a tremendous kick.

"Did it hurt ye?" asked the reverend father.

"Hurt!" exclaimed the victim, tenderly solacing the aggrieved region with his hand.

"Well, then," said the clergyman, complacently, "it would have been a miracle if it *hadn't* hurt ye!"

Why is a kiss like the creation of the world?—Because it is made of nothing, and is all very good.

A correspondent writes to ask if the brow of a hill ever becomes wrinkled?—The only information we can give him on that point is, that we have often seen it furrowed.

An old bachelor remarks that though the Scripture says "the glory of a woman is in her hair," it nowhere says that the glory of any woman is in any other woman's hair.

A CROQUET PROBLEM.

Given—the smoothest of lawns,
  With the turf closely cut and elastic;
Given—the fairest of girls,
  With spirits enthusiastic;
Given—a number of swells,
  Of the type most delightful and pleasing;
Given—sides made up of these,
  With the usual chaffing and teasing;
Given—the hoops duly placed,
  And the mallets and balls all selected;
Given—the game has commenced,
  Then this to find out you're expected:
What length of time will it be—
  Allowing for feints and pretenses—
Ere, in the course of the game,
  "Spooning" in earnest commences?

HIC, HÆC, HOC.—When the Rev. Dr. Patton was in England he dined with several gentlemen who used a great variety of arguments to make him give up his cold-water principles. "Now here," said one—"here, Doctor, is some good old hock; surely you can't decline this!" "Can't?" replied the Doctor; "why, Sir, I learned to decline it when a boy; hic, hec, hoc." The table was in a roar, and the Doctor came off triumphant.

SONG WRITERS.

The man who sang "I am Lonely since my Mother Died," isn't quite so lonely now. The old man married again, and his step-mother makes it lively enough for him.

The author of "The Old Arm-chair" is still in the furniture business.

The one who gave "The Old Folks at Home" to the world has recently taken them to the poor-house, as they were getting troublesome.

The author of "Life on the Ocean Wave" is gratifying his taste for the sea by tending saw-mill.

The disconsolate one who sings, "Have you seen my Maggie?" has heard of her. Another feller informs him through the music store that "Maggie's by my side."

"I'd offer thee this hand of mine" has been sued for breach of promise.

The author of "Roll on, silver moon" has opened a ball-alley. Silver moon can't roll on his alley without paying for it.

The author of "Three Blind Mice" has started a menagerie with them.

The man who wrote "Five o'clock in the morning" found that no saloons were open at that early hour where he could get his bitters, so he lies abed rather later now.

The author of "Shells of Ocean" is in the clam business.

A clergyman, one Sunday, at the close of his sermon, gave notice to the congregation that, in the course of the week, he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. One of his parishioners exclaimed, "Why, my dear Sir, you have never told us one word of this before! What shall we do?" "Oh, brother," said the minister, "I don't expect to go out of town."

DY(E)ING FOR LOVE.

ROSE. "I'll DYE for him."
ETHEL. "DIE for him; what nonsense!"
ROSE. "I mean my hair, dear."

THE LATEST FROM LONG BRANCH.

AFFECTIONATE WIFE (*in Town*). "And so you're sure there's no necessity for me to go down to Long Branch to see my poor dear husband?"

VISITOR (*assuringly*). "Oh, quite; I met him at Mrs. Tittup's little party the other evening, and his rheumatism was so much better, that I assure you he danced all the evening."

An honest dame in the town of Rome, standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing in piteous tones his untimely departure, observed, "It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as good as they ever were."

The young lady who gives herself away loses her self-possession.

"Well, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting; now we have tramped it for three hours, and found no game."

"Just so," said the farmer, "as a general thing the less game there is the more hunting you have."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.—A drowning pig.

A TALE OF LOVE.

Two maids were walking in the grove
  (They both were growing old),
The one to tell a tale of love,
  The other to be told.

"He is not rich," the elder said,
  "Nor handsome, nor high-born:
The man whom I propose to wed
  Most other girls would scorn."

"What is he, then? you make me fear;"
  The maiden's tears fell fast:
"He was the first to offer, dear,
  And he may be the last!"

RATHER HARD ON HIS BUTCHER.

"Uncle Enoch, what made the cats *ye-owe* so last night? I couldn't sleep, I was so afraid."

"Ahem! Ah! Yes. The meat the butcher sent us yesterday, you know, was so bad we couldn't eat it, so we threw it to the cats and dogs, and I 'spect it gave the cats the cholera."

"Well, why didn't it give the dogs the cholera too?"

"True, but don't you remember the dogs wouldn't eat it."

A QUERY.—An antiquarian of our acquaintance writes to inquire whether the patron saint of the showery season is called St. Swithin because he keeps us (S)within doors? We think our friend is a little out, as well as (S)within.

"There are some things which will never be hurt by falling," growled an old man in Washington Market the other morning. "What's *them?*" inquired a huckster. "*Prices*," said the old man; "they're so awful *slow* in falling that they'll never get smashed."

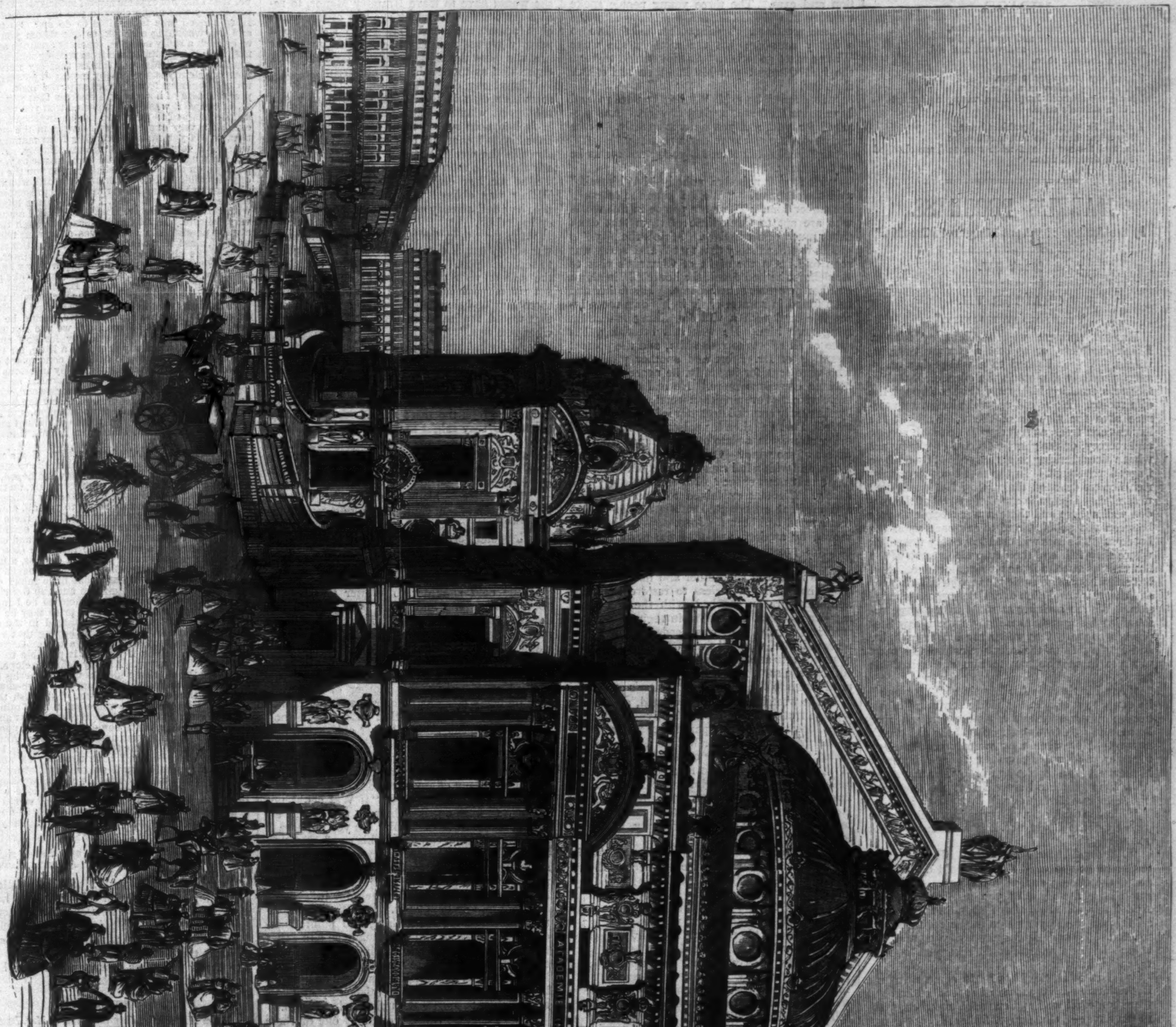
NEW OPERA-HOUSE AT PARIS.

THERE may be a hint to some of the many projectors of opera-houses and theatres for New York City in the engraving, which we give on page 585, of the new Parisian Opera-house, the principal façade of which was publicly uncovered during the festivities of the 15th of August with great ceremony. Not one of the theatres and opera-houses of New York has any architectural beauty—in fact, very few of them front on the public streets—and their interior decorations and arrangements are of the cheap, and unattractive, and decidedly uncomfortable style.

The new Opera-house at Paris, on the contrary, possesses both external and internal architectural beauty. The *façade*, which we illustrate, is composed of a base with two abutments pierced by seven arches, the intervening spaces being ornamented by groups of statues and medallions. Above rises a colonnade of Corinthian columns coupled, dividing several immense openings, and forming what in Italian architecture is known as a *loggia*. In each of the openings between the coupled columns rise minor columns of variegated marble with Doric capitals supporting a *frise*, above which, between two brackets richly ornamented and terminated by bronze masks on a ground of colored marble, is a large *œil-de-bœuf* or oval window, and in the centre, upon a pedestal, is the bronze gilt bust of some illustrious composer. A balcony with balustrades of green Swedish marble, a superb material too seldom employed, completes the arrangement, which is repeated in all the *entrecollonnements*. The upper part of the building is decorated by groups of bas-reliefs, and terminates on the *ligne de ciel* by a cordon of masks both tragic and comic. The Imperial medallion, crowned with Finland porphyry, and the inscription "Imperial Academy of Music," are prominently displayed. The bas-reliefs, in fact, are divided pretty equally between the celebration of lyric poetry, music, and imperialism; if any thing imperialism gets a little the best of it.

The principal columns are over 30 feet in height, and are of Caen stone. All the essential portions of the building are composed of this beautiful white stone, but so diversified by cordons of bronze, bands of variegated marble, gilding, statuary, bas-reliefs, and medallions that, without the use of paint or color other than the natural colors of the materials employed, the vast surface of the *façade* is, as described by a French critic, "accentuated and warmed into one glowing, beautiful, and harmonious whole."

THE LAST SHOT.—[From a Picture published by Currier and Ives, 152 Nassau Street, New York.]



THE NEW GRAND OPERA-HOUSE AT PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 588.]

MIRAGE.

THE hope I dreamed of was a dream,
  Was but a dream; and now I wake
Exceeding comfortless, and worn, and old,
  For a dream's sake.

I hang my harp upon a tree,
  A weeping willow in a lake;
I hang my silenced harp there, wrung and snapt
  For a dream's sake.

Lie still, lie still, my breaking heart;
  My silent heart, lie still and break:
Life, and the world, and mine own self, are changed
  For a dream's sake.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book IV.

CHAPTER VII.

"TEMPORARY INSANITY."

BLANK stillness without Bramley Manor. Blank darkness, or at best a gloomy twilight, within. Voices hushed to a whispering utterance, painfully distinct in the silence. Stealthy footsteps creaking hither and thither through the dim rooms. No sound upon the long stone terrace save the sighing of the wind amidst the leafless elm-trees, as if it came laden with sorrow and secrecy, or the ghostly echo of one knew not what voices, lurking in some angle of its antique flagged pavement. In the moist conservatories rich flowers drooped their heavy heads and died untended. Upon the unrolled gravel of the garden walks, here and there a weed began to peer between the pebbles, and to encroach upon the borders. The last withered leaves lay unheeded where they fell, and the damp black earth of the flower-beds smelled like a new-made grave. And but a few hours had sufficed to make this change, and cast this desolation over the prosperous mansion. Walter arriving at night in the large resounding Hammerham railway station, saw Stephens's haggard face under the bright gaslight, and leaping from the carriage while the train was yet in motion, ran to him and seized his hand.

"Am I in time? Am I in time?" It was all he could say, and in the giddy confusion of his head, and the noise and movement around him, he seemed unable to comprehend the old clerk's answer. But when they were seated in a cab together, and rolling swiftly toward Bramley Manor, Stephens spoke again. "I've met every train from Holyhead since I sent the telegram, Mr. Walter. Every one."

"I came instantly. It was impossible to be here sooner. I did not lose a moment. Not one moment."

"I know, I know, Mr. Walter. But it seemed to me to be the only thing I could do to hang about the station and wait for you. They had some hope the sight of you might rouse him. And I felt somehow that I shouldn't have been astonished to see your face in the crowd at any minute. Though I *knew*, mind you, that nothing short of a miracle could bring you here before this train."

"What is it, Stephens? It came upon me like a thunder-bolt. The last accounts I had had from home, all well and cheerful, and then, within ten days— Oh, father, father!"

The lad covered his face, and burst into a fit of weeping that shook him from head to foot.

"Hush, hush!" cried Stephens, clutching him by the arm. "For God's sake don't give way, Mr. Watty. You don't know—I was to tell you—you must be a man for the sake of your mother and Miss Charlewood. Heaven help the poor souls, they're in sore, sore affliction!"

"Is my father's case hopeless? Are they sure? Is there no hope?—none?"

"He was alive when I left the Manor at eight o'clock this morning. But—I—I— Oh, Lord, Mr. Wat, I don't know how to tell you, my poor lad. You must think of the others, you know, and look at Mr. Clement, how he bears up with all *he* has to go through! See now, Walter," added Stephens, as the cab swept in at the open lodge gate, unmindful of forms and ceremonies in the solemnity of the moment, and speaking simply as an old man to a younger one, "see, now, you must make up your mind to bear a heavy trial. There's death in this house we're going to. Walter—your father has—has hastened his own end. He took laudanum last night, and never spoke after they found him insensible."

The vehicle stopped before the portico that Walter Charlewood had last quitted on his sister's wedding-day; joyous, prosperous, rich in this world's goods, and the spoiled idol of indulgent parents. There, in the dimly lighted hall, stood Clement. *Was* it Clement, this white-faced, haggard man, with sunken eyes, and deeply cut lines of suffering round his mouth? He stood quite still, and looked at Walter impassibly. The latter almost staggered as he alighted from the cab, and was fain to lean on the old man's shoulder who accompanied him.

"It is all over," said Clement.

"Oh, Clem! oh, Clem!" The weak trembling lad fell on his brother's breast, who opened his arms to receive him, as he might have done when Walter was a petted wayward child, and would come in their school-days to his elder brother for comfort or protection. The action loosed the pent-up fountain of his own tears, and for a while the two young men sobbed in each other's arms, and those who stood by kept a reverent silence in the presence of that sacred sorrow. But Penelope had heard the cab stop, and came stealing down stairs; and at her footstep Clement roused himself, and whispered Walter to be brave and strong, for the sake of the mother and sister, left now to their sole protection and care. The three young people spoke together in whispers for a few minutes after the first sad greetings. Their mother had fallen into a heavy slumber; but the moment she woke Walter must go to her. As they turned to leave the hall Clement put his hand on the clerk's shoulder.

"Stephens," he said, "I beg you to go and have some food and a glass of wine. It is prepared for you, and you need it greatly. Since early morning you have eaten nothing."

Stephens looked after his young master as he walked away.

"He forgets nobody; nobody—but himself," said the old man. "Well, I hope the others 'll remember him. There are people in this world who are apt to think little of them that don't think much of themselves. More's the pity."

The wretched story that met Walter's ears was soon told. On the night of Clement's visit to Hazlehurst he had found the household in alarm and horror on his return home. His father had been found in an arm-chair in his own room insensible, and with a vial containing laudanum lying near him. He was still breathing, but spite of all efforts to rouse him, and the prompt attention of Dr. Brett and another physician, who were sent for instantly, he never rallied or became conscious more. He had drank much more wine that evening than usual, as was proved by the nearly emptied decanter left on the dining-table. Had he taken the poison by mistake, and being already in a state of semi-stupor from the effects of the wine? Or was the act done knowingly, and with a full consciousness of the certain death that must ensue? No one could say positively. Clement explained to their old friend and medical attendant, Dr. Brett, that his father's mind had been for some days strained and racked by anxiety, and that the news of their business prospects received that day had been increasingly gloomy and discouraging. The doctors looked at each other and nodded gravely. Their skill, powerless to restore that motionless figure on the bed, with the handsome massive features, expressive in their stillness of profound eternal rest, was needed for the poor bereaved wife, who fell from one fit of shrieking hysterics into another, until nature was exhausted, and she sank into a heavy sleep, that lasted until late into the evening of Walter's arrival.

In the wretched days that ensued, and as the terrible truth dawned on the family—to Clement it had become already apparent—that in addition to the grief of Mr. Charlewood's death, and the added horror and misery caused by the manner of it, they would have to face commercial ruin and disgrace, it was curious to behold the different ways in which these different human beings, all united by ties of affection, and all dwelling together in the closest familiarity, bore their lot.

After the first transport of genuine sorrow for his father's death, and as the prospect of the future began to unfold before him, the intense egotism of Walter's character—an egotism fostered by years of flattery and blind indulgence—displayed itself painfully. He would sit for hours over the fire in his mother's boudoir, sometimes silent and sullen, sometimes loudly bewailing his fate, always weakly craving for expressions of peculiar sympathy for *his* misfortunes. His mother, although she sometimes had an uneasy sense of his failure to appreciate Clement's noble self-forgetfulness, still could rouse herself from her own deep despondent affliction to soothe her petted boy's feelings by all the means in her power. She would listen with the utmost patience and sympathy to his account of the "swells" who delighted in his society, and the light of whose countenance would now be lost to him. By whose fault? By whose?

Little mention was made among them of Augusta. A letter had been dispatched to her saying that Mr. Charlewood was very ill, and that no hope was entertained of his recovery, and close after that another announcing his death. The newly-married couple would be in Rome by the time the letters reached them.

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Charlewood, with a sob, "it's an awful blow to come upon her in her 'oney-moon. Breaking it all up, and bringing her back to a 'ouse of mourning like this."

Penelope Charlewood was not gentle by nature or habit, but she did strive to subdue the abruptness of her manner toward her bereaved mother as she answered, "Mamma, would it grieve you very much if Augusta did *not* hurry back to England at once?"

"Well, love, I don't know that she could do any good 'ere. You know poor Gussy was never much 'and at 'elping in trouble."

And then Penelope perceived that her mother knew Mrs. Malachi Dawson sufficiently well not to reckon largely upon any comfort or sympathy to be derived from that sensitive young lady.

Meanwhile it became evident to Clement that the disaster which had overtaken their house was of a nature that forbade any hope of retrieval. All must go. If even by abandoning every thing the firm could come out of the ruin free and clear from debt he would not complain. But that consolation was not to be his. The more he examined into the state of the firm's affairs the more hopeless it appeared to be to save any thing from the wreck, and he found that his father had launched into many dangerous speculations unknown to him.

I have said that Mr. Charlewood was fond of power, and jealous of it, and this feeling had shown itself lately in a growing tendency to keep Clement in a subordinate position in all their business relations, and even occasionally to act in direct opposition to his son's expressed opinion.

Clement broke the truth to his mother as gently as he could. He and Penelope had already talked openly together of their circumstances. When Mrs. Charlewood learned that she would have to leave Bramley Manor, to resign the luxuries to which she had of late years been accustomed, and perhaps to sink into a poverty greater than she had ever known in her life, she bore the tidings with so little apparent depression as to astonish her children.

"Law! my dears," she said, "don't it all seem like dust in the balance, the money and the finery, when real affliction comes upon us? If *he* had been spared to us I dare say I might have fretted over all this loss, and the come-down in the world, but now it don't seem as if any thing like that was worth thinking about."

But for her children she grieved heartily. Walter was obliged to confess to his brother that he owed already considerable sums of money in Dublin.

"I'm very sorry for it, Wat. Your allowance was a very ample one. However, I'm not going to reproach you. Of course we must see about the sale of your commission at once, and also get rid of your horses, and whatever valuables there may be belonging to you. I should think that would realize more than enough to cover what you owe."

"And what am I to do then?"

"Do, Watty?"

"Of course the debts of honor must be paid. I had a run of bad luck at loo, and that cleaned me out awfully. But as to the others—well, the tradesmen took the risk; and if other folks lose thousands they might make up their minds to lose twenties. Especially as they're a rascally lot, and charged me two hundred per cent. more than the things were worth, just for the month or two's credit."

"Walter," said his brother, sternly, "let me hear no more of that cant. I don't do you the injustice to suppose that it comes from your heart. I understand perfectly from whom you thoughtlessly imitate it. And I know, too, how you estimate those from whom you have caught it. The friends of Walter Charlewood rich who would give the cold shoulder to Walter Charlewood poor, I think you and I are both able to put down at their proper value. But our just debts must be paid as far as we are able, even though we have to sell the coat off our backs."

Walter was subdued by his brother's determined manner, and said no more. But he complained so bitterly to his mother of Clement's settling every thing as he chose, and giving him no voice in the matter, that Mrs. Charlewood ventured to speak timidly to her eldest son, and to sound him as to the possibility of the sale of Walter's commission being avoided. But Clement showed her at once, and conclusively, the complete fallacy of any such idea.

"Dear mother," he said, "if Wat could not manage to keep out of debt with the liberal allowance my father made him, do you suppose it is possible that he can live on his pay? No, no; it is out of the question, believe me. I will do all I can to make things fall as lightly on him as possible; but he must make up his mind to earn his bread now. There is no help for it."

There *was* no help for it. But Walter, beginning to make the astonishing and painful discovery—doubly painful when made so late—that the course of events shaped themselves without the smallest reference to his comfort and convenience, indulged in peevish grumblings against his brother, finding that more satisfactory and less absurd than to accuse the universe in general.

Once Penelope being present at one of these ebullitions, broke out into one of her old sharp stinging moods, and told Walter so many truths, conveyed with such searching, keen-edged words, that Mrs. Charlewood interposed to shield Walter from the storm he had provoked.

"There, there, Penny," said the poor, foolish, kindly woman, "don't be 'ard on your brother, love. If we can say nothing but 'arsh things to each other *now*, it is a sad, sad case."

"What things does he say of Clement?" retorted Penelope, casting a glance of withering scorn at Walter, who sat by the fire half-whimpering, half-defiant. "*He* to whine and complain of the special hardship of his case! Look at Clem. He has lost more than Walter ever dreamed of. The firm of Gandry and Charlewood was his idol. I don't say it is good to have idols at all; but at least his demanded some nobler offerings than can be supplied by tailors and billiard-markers. Clement's heart is cut—I know it, I see it—by the downfall of the great name and honorable supremacy of the house. He worked to maintain it. He will give his last crust to clear it of a stain before the eyes of all men. He has borne, in other ways, more than any of you know, without complaining. His first thought all along has been for others; but because he does not tear his hair and cry aloud like a spoiled baby, do you think he feels nothing? Walter Charlewood, I am full of faults, I know: I am neither meek, nor sweet, nor humble; but, as Heaven is my witness, I would rather cut off my right hand at this moment than give one needless pang to our brother's brave, constant, generous spirit by my poor, pitiful, selfish cowardice. If I were a man I would help those I love. Being a woman, I can but suffer for them; but I will do it silently and with some decent rag of self-control."

CHAPTER VIII.

A COUPLE OF LETTERS.

THE portion of my story that must next be told will be, perhaps, best presented in the following letters, the last of which was received about a fortnight subsequent to the arrival of the first at its destination:

LETTER I.

From Mrs. Malachi Dawson, in Rome, to Miss Charlewood, at Bramley Manor.

"ROME, PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, *Nov.* 25, 18—.

"In my first hurried letter, sent in reply to the awful tidings then just received, I feel, my dear Penelope, that I did not express myself sufficiently at length, nor in any way make clear to you my state of mind. How, indeed was it possible to do so? So terrible and overwhelming a shock, to one whom you know to be such a sadly nervous, sensitive creature as I am, naturally incapacitated me from writing with any self-command. But Malachi thinks that my nerves are now sufficiently strung up (by means of powerful tonics and generous living) to attempt the task. In the present state of sorrow and distress that you are all in, of course it was to be expected that you should be a little inclined to put *me* in the back-ground, and to exhibit a very excusable selfishness in the proposition, which you make as coming from mamma, that we should return to England immediately. For myself (although I know I could be of no use to you, and, perhaps, on the contrary, shall cast on you the burden of an invalid, for I do *not* think my health would stand a return to Bramley Manor under the present circumstances)—for myself, I say, I would hasten homeward without an hour's delay. But Malachi is, I assure you, very delicate. His little troublesome cough that you always persisted in saying was a nervous trick, but which I, alas! fear is indicative of constitutional weakness of the chest, *requires* a southern winter. You know, Penelope, my *first* duty is now to my husband. And how do you think we should bear to take possession of our new house close to Eastfield, just at this moment, when all the country is ringing with this terrible calamity that has befallen us? And Eastfield is so close to Hammerham, that we should be in the very focus of it all. Even here we are not safe. I took up the *Galignani* yesterday for half an hour, thinking to distract my thoughts a little, for they all tell me that the complete dullness consequent on our present necessary seclusion is highly injurious to me, when my eye lighted on a circumstantial account of the great failure of Gandry and Charlewood, with other details still more dreadful. I threw the horrid paper from me as if it had been a scorpion, and I had a fit of hysterics that lasted three quarters of an hour. But, as I said, I don't blame *you* for not thinking of all these things.

"Malachi is the soul of generosity. Some men, in the natural disappointment of finding the woman they had married but half as rich as they had hoped, would visit some of their chagrin upon her. He, on the contrary, spares no endeavor to soothe my feelings. He sends his tenderest condolences to you all, and trusts that you are endeavoring to profit by these severe chastenings, and to turn your eyes from earthly matters to the only true source of comfort and consolation. If there is a sale of the furniture (*how* things can have reached such a pass is, I confess, a mystery to me; but, of course, Clement has managed for the best), I should like to have that little inlaid cabinet that stood in my dressing-room and the Gobelin fire-screen. Malachi would wish them to be bought in, and will pay Clement whatever price may be agreed upon. We expect to be in England in the spring, and then Malachi joins me in hoping that mamma will come and stay with us for a time. Or you; or, indeed, both of you if we find it possible to accommodate you together. Ah, my dear Penelope, if you could see the shocking idolatrous mummeries that go on here you would shrink from your high-churchism in alarm to see whither it leads. I do wish that you would cultivate a more evangelical tone of mind. Let me know what is decided upon for Clement and Walter. Poor Watty, it will come terribly hard upon him; he was getting into such excellent society. And Clement never had any taste for that sort of thing, had he? Now, my dear Penny, I have tired myself and must cease; although I could go on expatiating on our great affliction much longer if physical weakness permitted the effort. I send my fondest love to all. I hope you take every care of mamma: would that I could be with her! But, alas! the duty of a married woman to her husband is paramount. May Providence guide you all and comfort you!

"I am ever,
"Your affectionate sister,
"AUGUSTA DAWSON."

Penelope Charlewood read this epistle from beginning to end in silence; gave it to her mother, who also read it in silence; and then, taking it back, Penelope twisted it neatly and firmly into a tight roll, to which she set fire and held it until the flame scorched her fingers. Then she threw the ashes down and set her heel on them with a rigid, unmoved face.

LETTER II.

From Miss Fluke, Hammerham, to Mrs. Dawson, Dublin.

"HAMMERHAM, *Dec.* 14, 18—.

"MY DEAR MRS. DAWSON,—In reply to your letter of the 9th instant I sit down to give you all the information in my power. Believe me, my dear friend, that I sincerely sympathize with you and with your son, the Reverend Malachi, in this trial. I am sure that we should cordially agree in doctrine, and I regretted much that I had not an opportunity of becoming more closely knit with you in the bonds of Christian fellowship. Papa was well pleased with the Reverend Malachi's views, and found him extremely sound. Would that I could say the same of *all* our afflicted friends! But, alas! my friend, error is rampant among us (see Ephesians, vi. 12). However, I proceed to relate to you what I have been able to glean by diligent inquiry in accordance with your request. You ask if the failure of G. and C. is so total and hopeless as the world reports? Yes; I am led to believe that but a very small matter can be snatched from the jaws—if I may so express myself—of the creditors. This may well surprise you; as it does me. But I fear, I greatly fear, that much wild speculation and extravagance was going on for some time. To whom to impute the blame, if blame there be, I know not. There is much and sore trouble in Hammerham consequent upon B. and B. having stopped payment, which, indeed, they say was the immediate cause of the catastrophe of G. and C. Papa has himself been a loser to the extent of fifty-seven pounds ten shillings and sixpence in consequence of the panic, which caused a run upon a local savings-bank, of which he was one of the chief promoters. But he is strengthened to endure (see Psalm lxvi. 12). And, besides, we have reason to believe that he will ultimately get the money back again. There was a sale of furniture, plate, carriages, horses, pictures, etc., etc., etc., begun at Bramley Manor on Tuesday last. Many influential families here—members of papa's congregation—have expressed strong objections to the publicity with which the whole affair was managed. There was no attempt, they say, to make the best of things before the eyes of the world. A sale by private contract would, I have reason to believe, have been soothing to the feelings of many of our wealthiest merchants. G. and C. have so long stood at the head of our Hammerham mercantile world, that the blazoning forth in broad day of all these painful details—as if G. and C. had been little huckstering tradesmen, who, of course, naturally *must* (according to the inscrutable decrees of an overruling Providence) be sold up now and then—has caused a good deal of annoyance. I went as soon as I heard the first whisper of misfortune to offer my services, as a friend and as the daughter of a minister of the Gospel. Mrs. C. declined to see me. *Why*, I am entirely at a loss to imagine! The excuse she alleged was, that in the first days of her terrible bereavement she did not feel *strong* enough to see me. But that, of course, is obviously absurd. P. C. I did see. Also C. C. and W. The latter is much softened by misfortune. May it be blessed to him! I left him a suitable tract. P. is as hard as ever. At least she seems so, but it is not for us to judge (Matthew, vii. 1). But what can one expect of a person who abandons her own parish church, where the Word is preached in all its purity, to seek after strange idols with colored glass and candles (I have been told they are *lighted* on saints' days. But this I do *not* believe), and sermons that only last fifteen minutes? I attended the sale at B. M. the first day, from motives of duty, and

inspected *every thing*. I suffered a good deal the next day from swelled feet, not having sat down for more than four hours. I grieved—I deeply grieved—over the evidences of profusion and worldly vanity apparent in the most trifling matters. Of course, my dear Mrs. Dawson, I do not object—nor does papa—to the due and fitting expenditure of wealth on articles which add to the comfort of life according to our station. But what do you think of having patent spring mattresses on all the *servants'* beds? Every one of them. And the sheets linen. Coarse, I am willing to admit (Heaven forbid that I should bear hardly on my fellow-creatures), but all linen, every thread. I made a calculation when I came home of the sum that could have been gained by the difference between the price of these linen sheets and good unbleached cotton ones; and I found that five annual subscriptions to the *Christian Reminder* and a life governorship in Duckrell schools might have been got with the money! And then think of the souls of the poor servants! What can they make of their catechisms, when they are accustomed to such extravagance? C. C. has, I hear, accepted a situation as clerk, or something of the kind—managing man, some say, but he has *managed his* own affairs so shockingly that I should think that was not likely—to a builder's business in London. He might have got something to do here: but the family shrank from remaining in Hammerham. And no wonder! They leave to-morrow. I endeavored to worm out their address from P., but in vain. Ah, my friend, the nether millstone is soft compared with the hardness of the unregenerate heart! I hope you have good news of my Christian friend Augusta. Jane was much attached to her. It would be very agreeable for all parties if, when the Reverend Malachi and his wife return to England, Jane could stay with them for a time. She is ordered a little change of air in the spring. We are all going away (D. V.) from Hammerham for a short excursion; but we are seven, exclusive of papa, and it would be convenient for us to get even *one* member of our party disposed of elsewhere. Augusta would find it a great boon to have my sister Jane with her, especially if the Reverend Malachi's parish is a large and populous one. I believe I have answered all your questions. It will give me great pleasure to hear from you at any time; and to be the recipient of any charitable donation you may choose to make to the good cause. The Infant Bosjisman Baptism Mission is at the present moment in want of funds. Papa desires his kind regards to you; and

"I am,
"My dear Mrs. Dawson,
"Yours in all Christian sincerity,
"H. Fluke."

A FORTUNATE ADVERTISEMENT.

Friday afternoon, in the first sultry days of June, the passengers who were fortunate kept the shady side of the car, while those who came on late pulled down the blinds, and resigned themselves, martyr like, to an uncomfortable situation.

Among the last to be seated was Annie Churchill. She had walked from her school-room to the dépôt—not a very long walk, but quite too long for such a day; she had walked fast, for her duties had detained her later than usual, and she feared she should be left. She came on faint and sick with heat. It was the last seat—a straight, uncomfortable one in the corner, and she must share it with a woman and baby, much to the inconvenience of sundry baskets and bundles that had occupied that place beside their owner. The last seat; and Annie looked despairingly around, but with the comforting reflection that it was only for twelve miles she sat down.

The air was stifling; but soon the motion of the cars brought a little breeze, and Annie leaned her head against the window, and grew cooler looking at the wealth of dark green leaves on the trees and the long creeping shadows on the grass. One little station passed, and now she held up her head and watched eagerly for landmarks toward home. The signal station, the stone culvert, the last crossing, and now Churchill, or Vermillion, the name the little town had lately aspired to.

Every body must think twice to call it any thing but Churchill, for so it was named, thirty years ago, when Annie's father built the first store there. It was a proud-sounding name then, but now it only meant an infirm old man, who, with his wife and daughter, occupied the square brick house just east of the town—once the finest house thereabout, but now, hidden by trees, it did not assume to rival the newer ones. Then, too, the eyes of business men saw a mortgage consuming it, and predicted that the house, like the ungrateful town, would soon disown its name.

"Ver-million!" was shouted in carefully indistinct tones at the door, and Annie was on the platform ready to be the first one off. There was her father, with "Juno" and the buggy waiting for her, and in three minutes more she had hugged her father's hand affectionately, and was in the rickety old carriage on the way home.

"Poor old Juno!" she said, gathering up the lines. "This was a hot sun to come in, old bonny, but it's growing cooler."

"Here is a shawl your mother sent, Annie: she thought it looked like rain," said Mr. Churchill, throwing the plaid over the back of the seat.

"What a mother it is to be sure!" said Annie, with a little laugh; "and how does she endure this terrible weather?"

"She's about as usual—a little more chirk and lively to-day because her little girl is coming home. And how goes school, Annie?"

"Oh, nicely! I've had the compliment they give me every term: the best C senior class in the city. Isn't that encouraging?"

"Why, yes, dear—I suppose so. I hope you deserved it."

Annie smiled. This was so like her father. An expression of praise or approval troubled him unless he was sure he had merited it. He was a conscientious man. The world he had trafficked with had been better for the enterprise, culture, and truth he possessed; he had dealt generously with it; easy with its faults, but sternly watchful of his own, and jealous lest a weakness be found in the integrity of those he loved.

"It seems to me though," he said, looking at her anxiously, "that you are not looking as well as you did a week ago."

"It is this heat. How can a body help fading with such a sun as this?"

They were passing through the busiest street in the village now, and received cordial bows and patronizing nods from the smart people on the walk.

"I'm afraid you'll be a little ashamed of your old father to-day, sis. Mother wanted me to put on the other hat, but I thought it was too heavy and warm."

"What do I care? Don't I know that you look better in your old clothes than these people do in their best?" said Annie, with a gay laugh. She was tired enough to be nervously happy at going home, and had a laugh for every thing.

Barton Churchill, Annie's brother, had died in California. When misfortune and losses had crippled Mr. Churchill's business it had not seemed strange that this young man, all life, hope, and ambition, should see in that golden west a promise for the future; but there was a little mystery covering subsequent events. Two years his letters home had been a monthly record of prosperity. Then came the sad news of accident and death. And here commenced the maze.

Andrew Riley, who had entered Mr. Churchill's store a poor boy, and left it a careful, calculating man, had accompanied the young adventurer to the land of wealth. It was on him, as something more than a friend, that the bereaved family had relied for a proper adjustment of Barton's business. Riley was a reticent, uncommunicative man always. His brief note, assuring them of his sympathy and readiness to serve them, and announcing his intended return, satisfied Mr. Churchill's expectations of him. Inclosed with his own Riley sent a long letter from the man who had been with Barton in his last days watching and caring for him.

During the year following Riley returned. Wealthy, some said; but he made no boast. His account of Barton Churchill was definite enough, perhaps; but nobody quite understood how it was that the result of the young man's labor there had vanished to nothing. Very suggestive hints were ventured by bold people; but Riley commenced a large business, and was fast becoming a popular man there, while Mr. Churchill mortgaged his house to meet an obligation that could not be longer deferred, and kept silently and feebly at work; and Annie Churchill sought employment as teacher in the city schools. So disinterested people who had talked of the justice or injustice they suspected found newer topics to discuss.

The loquacious villagers would have told you a longer story: of how the mortgage came into Riley's hands, alluding perhaps to a love-affair between Andrew Riley and Annie Churchill, of which they knew a little and surmised a great deal. They were certain that an engagement had been broken between this quiet man of thirty and the girl of twenty; but why or by whom was a disputed point. Neither had confided the facts, neither had shown signs of regret, and neither had married.

Mrs. Churchill stood in the door, waiting to welcome them as they drove in. She returned Annie's demonstrative greeting with kisses, and a wistful look into the pale face, while tears almost started in her eyes. It was a sad sort of joy to welcome this brave little girl of hers; she so longed to keep her folded in her arms instead of sending her off again.

"How nice every thing seems here!" said Annie; and she went wandering about the still house as gayly as if only glad thoughts visited her. "It is worth all the week to be home again."

"Can't you make it home where you are, Annie?" asked her father.

"No, not *home*. That is work. What is it they say about labor sweetening every thing? I believe it does; certainly it makes home more precious." Then noticing her father's dreary smile, she added: "And home, you know, is where mother is."

"We must try," said Mr. Churchill, with an effort to speak cheerfully, "to make home with duty rather than pleasure; then there will be no homesickness; and duty becomes pleasure when we discharge it faithfully."

"Yes, I have often thought of that in school. The harder I try to help my class the pleasanter the labor becomes. It is curious, though, how *we* are governed by modes and tenses. But here I am talking school again, and I promised myself not to while I was at home," she said, chatting away busily, trying to make her father forget his gloomy reflections.

"I believe," said Mr. Churchill, an hour later, "that I have an errand down street to-night."

Annie brought his hat and cane and watched him as he walked slowly down the path. "Now, mother," she said, bringing a low stool to her mother's side, "I must lay my head in your lap and be babied a little before father comes back; I think it troubles him; he thinks I am not so stout-hearted as I am. I see they have advertised a mortgage sale for our house."

"Yes, dear."

"He knows that if he should give us a little more time we could almost make the payment. I believe he is afraid we will."

"Yes, he means to get the house."

"He'd even been willing to take it encumbered by me," said Annie, with a scornful curl of her lip.

"You have never regretted that you did not marry him, Annie?"

"No, mother. It makes me shudder to think of it. Of course, it has not been easy to work so hard and deny myself so much trying to help father, and doing so little then to help him; and I can't help thinking how many happy things are possible for some people; and sometimes, when I get tired, and every thing that I want to do looks so heavy and large, and I feel like a little imbecile, I think how it would have been if I had pawned myself to that Jew. But in the morning I feel very mighty again, and am ashamed of it. But, mother," she said, locking her fingers across her forehead, "why *can't* I do something to save father from this trouble? It seems as if there *might* be some way, if we only knew it, of proving the dishonesty of it."

"I have thought so sometimes, but you know what your father thinks about overcoming evil with evil. And in this case he thinks there is nothing we could do if we would."

A creak of the gate told that Mr. Churchill had returned. Annie arose and lighted the lamp, and Mr. Churchill sank wearily down in his chair by the window. For a few moments there was a silence as oppressive as the heavy air of the evening. It was hard to speak of their trouble, hard to think of any thing else.

"I was thinking when you came in, father," said Annie, at length, "of how hopeful Barton always was. You know in almost his last letter he said—"

"Get his letters, daughter, and read some of them to us, perhaps they will help us to be hopeful."

Annie brought a bundle of letters; heavy, soiled, but precious letters they were, telling of a strange life, of hardships, adventures, and home yearnings. They were written in that buoyant, happy style, Barton's own; and as she read Annie's lips quivered in spite of her efforts, while her father shaded his dim eyes with his hand. In several of the letters he told of a friend he had made there—Benjamin Hart—whom he warmly described as a *true* heart, and gayly mentioned as his sweet-heart.

"It is this Mr. Hart that wrote us that long letter about his death," said Mrs. Churchill, wiping her eyes.

"Yes," said Annie, holding up a closely written sheet, "this, you know, came inclosed in Mr. Riley's note, announcing his death. He must have known all about Barton's affairs," she said, looking over the letter, "for here he writes: 'As his friend, Mr. Riley, arrived the day before his death, and will inform you concerning the disposal of his business here, I need not allude to that.' Father," she said, turning suddenly toward him, "do you suppose that Riley knows where this Mr. Hart is?"

"I presume not," said Mr. Churchill, with a half smile; "if he did he would not be apt to tell." Mr. Churchill opened the great Bible on the table and silently put on his spectacles to read his evening chapter. Annie watched him as he slowly and emphatically pronounced the words, but she did not hear him. A new thought had flashed upon her, and already her busy brain had developed a plan for action.

Long after Mr. and Mrs. Churchill had gone to sleep that night, Annie sat bending over the table in her room, writing, correcting, and rewriting a few lines that contained a request something like this: "If Benjamin Hart, who was in Marysville, California, June 10, 1861, will communicate with Annie Churchill, Vermillion, New York, he will confer a great favor." She would have it inserted in some of the leading journals, East and West, hoping that it might catch the eye of her brother's friend. "It can do no harm," she said, as she folded and addressed the last note; "and for father's and mother's sake, for the sake too of exposing *his* villainy, I would do a great deal more."

Another Friday, two weeks later, found her waiting at the dépôt a little too early for the cars. It was a rainy, unpleasant time, and when the train came up she was crowded and jostled along by a score or more of the impatient people who had been gathering there. She had her hand on the railing of the steps at last, but a heavy satchel weighing down one arm and the unscrupulous crowd forcing their way in front of her seemed likely to prevent her ascent, when somebody at her side, taking hold of her satchel and offering his hand, said, "Let me assist you, Miss Churchill."

Annie started; she knew the voice; it was Riley's. She flashed an angry look at him. "Thank you, it is quite unnecessary," she said, retaining her satchel. And quite unconscious that she exerted any effort, she made her way up the steps. "How dared he?" she thought, pressing her lips together, and looking very defiant as she seated herself in the first unoccupied seat.

During the past two years she had seldom met and never spoken to or in any way recognized him, and this unexpected encounter stirred her. She had hardly time for a second thought when Riley passed, taking the seat immediately in front of her. For a moment her eyes almost blazed with wrath; then she thought of her advertisement, and understood these manifestations. He had seen it, evidently, and had a purpose to accomplish. Just then Riley turned his head, and made the seeming discovery of her.

"Ah! Miss Churchill, you are quite an independent traveler, I see. Few ladies are so competent to get along alone."

Annie only *looked* at him.

"I have been wishing to speak to you, Miss Churchill"—leaning toward her and speaking lower—"about a business affair. I would not intrude it upon you only that I know you understand perfectly about it. I have lately learned that this mortgage foreclosure is likely to distress your father considerably, and that he had hoped to be able to pay it. I should be sorry to occasion him any trouble, unless absolutely obliged to, and if we can agree upon some better arrangement I am willing to do so."

"It is unfortunate that you have only lately learned these facts," said Annie, scornfully.

"Really, Miss Churchill, I do not comprehend your meaning. Since it was my misfortune to become as an entire stranger my intercourse with your family has been limited to the necessary forms of business. I had much rather be considered as a friend, or I should not make this offer."

A sarcastic reply rose to Annie's lips, but she only said, "I will repeat your message to my father." The noise of the cars made further conversation as inconvenient as it was unnecessary.

"Have any letters come for me this week, father?" asked Annie, as they were driving home.

"Letters? No, I believe not." A dull, heavy sound the words had; she had been living so much on the hope.

Riley's offer was talked of that evening. "I don't quite understand it," said Mr. Churchill. "Why didn't he come to me? And why has he only now thought of it? Perhaps he may have thought he needed the money immediately. Or maybe his heart was better than his head, and he found it would not let him take our home from us so."

"*Heart?* Don't believe it! If he has any heart it is not involved in his pecuniary arrangements."

"Do not judge him too harshly, Annie. It is a cruel thing to suspect a man of evil when he intends good."

Saturday afternoon Annie was sitting alone, thinking rather gloomily of the one subject. Her father seemed encouraged by Riley's offer. Perhaps it was all there was to hope from, and she too ought to be thankful for it, contemptible as it was. Then she thought of how he would presume to patronize them, and—a glimpse of a figure passing up the steps, and a knock at the door. Had he already the assurance to come there? Her cheeks flushed a little in expectation as she opened the door. A brown, bearded face that was not Riley's met her there; a stranger with an honest voice and a clear eye.

"This is Miss Churchill?"—removing his hat—"Miss Annie Churchill? I am not mistaken," he said, with easy certainty.

"Mr. Hart?" queried Annie, involuntarily offering her hand.

"You were expecting me then?" he said, smiling, as he took the hand.

"Hardly. I had hoped to hear from you. I don't know that I expected you, but I am glad, oh! so glad, you have come."

She wondered at herself as she thought how strange this was. She had thought of but one way of meeting him; of the letters first, then of stiff, formal introductions, and a long explanation, and then of his evidence respecting her brother. Now he had come upon her like some rare good news, and been welcomed as gladly. He had walked in and shaken her hand like an old friend, and was saying that he should have recognized her any where.

"Because I am so like my brother? We were always said to resemble each other."

"The resemblance is not so striking, and yet I should have known you."

Then followed a long talk about Barton, in the midst of which Mr. and Mrs. Churchill came in. I need not remember what stories were told and what was said. The friend of their son had been welcome whenever and wherever met.

Mr. Churchill was roused from an absorbing conversation by the tall clock as it struck four, reminding him that he had an appointment with Riley for that hour. Mr. Riley had already more than half repented his proposed lenity. If Hart was to be found it was evident enough that Annie Churchill could not be wheedled from her purpose. If he was not found, what need of this compromise. He was interrupted in his meditations by the appearance of Mr. Churchill, accompanied by Mr. Hart. There was civility, nothing more, in the greetings exchanged.

"I learn from Mr. Churchill that there are some things connected with the settlement of his son's affairs in California that he does not understand. I have given him an account of that settlement up to the time that I left every thing in your hands, and shall have to depend upon you for the rest."

The two men looked at each other silently for a moment. "Perhaps," continued Hart, "I had better repeat my statements so that you can see if they are correct."

This was not said in a menacing tone; but Riley's lips were very white as he answered: "It will not be necessary. We all understand each other. Mr. Churchill, with your assistance, can probably make an estimate of the value of your evidence, and I of course shall acquiesce."

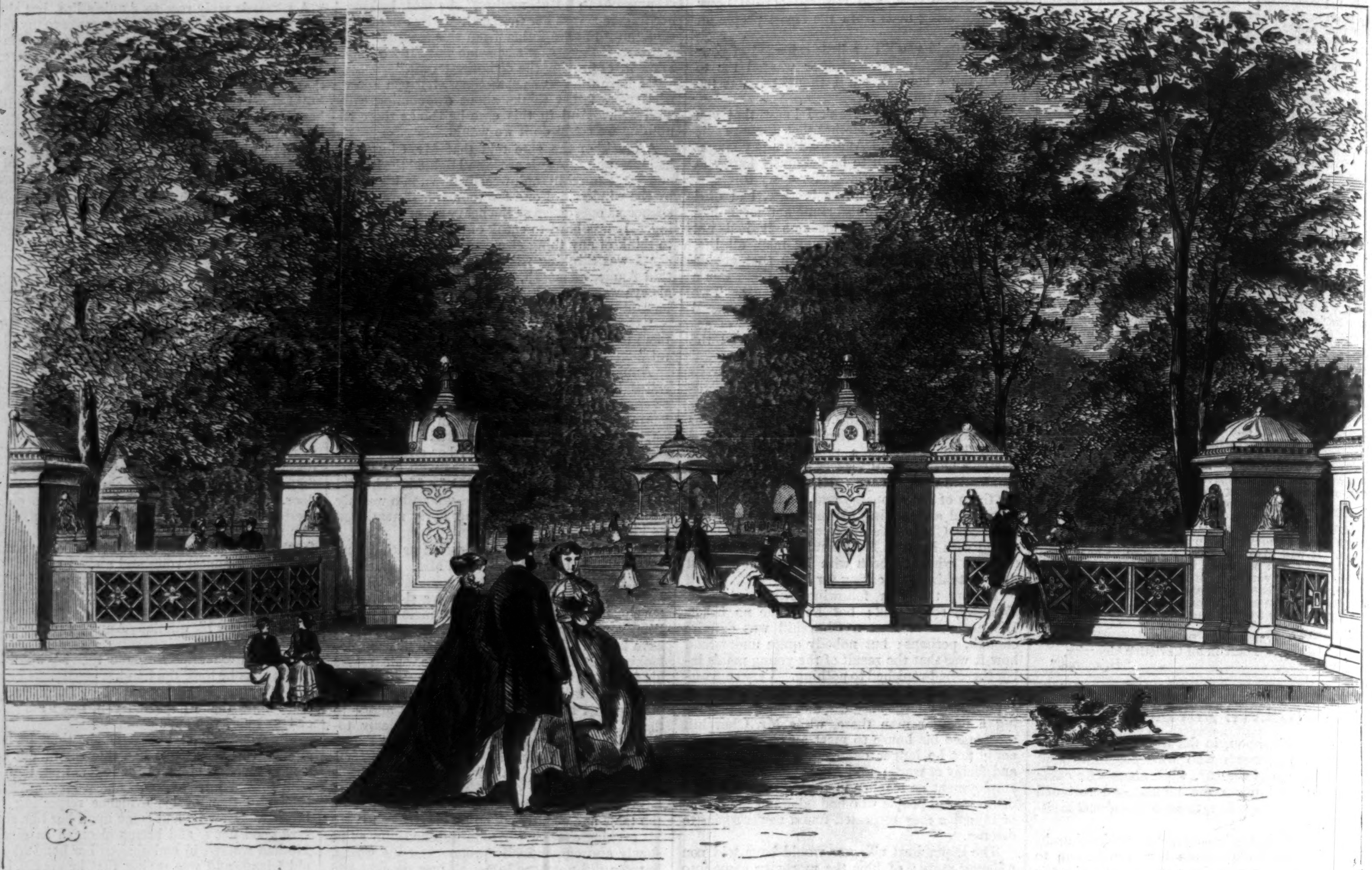
"I want nothing but what has honestly belonged to me, be it much or little," said Mr. Churchill.

Mr. Hart remained Mr. Churchill's guest until every thing was satisfactorily adjusted. He was telling Annie one evening about that first settlement. "And when it was all done," he said, "there seemed nothing for me to do but to go away and leave it in Riley's hands. He was your brother's friend, and I did not suspect his dishonesty. Your brother had given me this picture, all that I coveted of his possessions—all, unless it was a place in the heart of the original;" and he placed in her hand a miniature he had taken from his pocket.

Annie looked at it, and her cheek turned very pale as he continued: "I have kept it a long time," he said, placing his hand on the little trembling hand that held it, "hoping to some time prove my right to the original. This is no newly-born hope. I have been looking for you every where. In the streets, in the cars, wherever I have wandered, for months. I did not know the name of your town; but when I saw your advertisement it seemed like a call to me to come and claim my own. Do I assume too much?"

Annie's reply was very indistinct; so low that he bent his face very close to hers to hear it.

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill live in their pleasant home more alone than before. Annie claims two homes now. One, the old home, a very dear one. The other, worth all the world beside, is her husband's love; and both she claims as the result of advertising.



THE TERRACE IN CENTRAL PARK, LOOKING TOWARD THE MALL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

CENTRAL PARK.

THE Terrace in Central Park is a very simple but beautiful structure. On one side it looks toward the Mall, and on the other overlooks the Lake. Its ornamental work is constructed of Caen stone, delicately carved with designs in bas-relief. On the right, as you pass into the Mall, stands the Music Pavilion. The subjoined illustration represents a group on the Terrace.

The Park commissioners have for a long time been arranging a Zoological Garden; among the latest additions to it are a couple of dromedaries. These are employed on Saturdays for the benefit of the children, and the second scene which we give, like the first, is of frequent occurrence.

RIDING THE DROMEDARY IN CENTRAL PARK.

THE NEW TYCOON OF JAPAN.

THE Government of Japan consists of an oligarchy of feudal Princes, called Daimios, wielding absolute authority in their respective provinces, but subject to the general control of one of their number (selected from one of three great families), called the Tycoon, who, assisted by a Gorogio, or Great Council, presides over the affairs of the State in the name of the Mikado, or Spiritual Emperor, its supreme head. This system is based on their religious belief. The Japanese are the original spiritualists; they believe in the existence of an infinite number of spirits, exercising an influence over the affairs of the world, who are to be propitiated by prayers and the observance of certain rules of conduct, particularly by cleanliness of person and purity and cheerfulness of heart. The chief of these spirits is the sun, Ten Zio Dai Zin; he is the object of religious veneration to all true Sintos (spirit-worshipers), and after the sun the elements, who are called Dai Zin, "great spirits." The inferior spirits are chiefly heroes canonized for their worthy deeds or illustrious qualities. A Sinto temple is called a *Mya*, meaning royal residence. Hence the name of the city Mykao, the abode of the Spiritual Emperor.

The present Tycoon is an adopted son of the Prince of Mito, but a lineal descendant of one of the three great families to which the hereditary succession is confined. His name is Stots Bashi; he is what is called in Japan a handsome and able man, and is now in the thirty-second year of his age. The photograph which we have engraved shows him in full Court costume, which consists of white silk robes, with sleeves of white satin, having his crest embroidered in lilac silk; on his head is oddly perched a splendid cap of paper; he sits in a throne or chair adorned with gold decorations of a checkered pattern.

The usual abode of the Tycoon is in the huge palace at Jeddo, which occupies, with its annexed buildings, a vast space in the middle of that city; but he sometimes visits Osaca, where he has another palace, or castle, likewise an edifice of immense size, and fortified with massive walls around it. Several foreign embassadors have lately been presented to the new Tycoon, and their interviews left them with the most favorable impression of his amiability and intelligence. He gave them the fullest assurances of his determination to carry out the letter and spirit of the existing treaties, and to inaugurate a new epoch in Japan, marked by a free and friendly intercourse with the Western nations. There can be no doubt, by all accounts, of his abilities for government, and at no period have the prospects of Japan—now really thrown open to the commerce of the world—been more flattering than the present.

STOTS BASHI, THE NEW TYCOON OF JAPAN.

VIEW OF SALZBURG

WE give below a fine engraving of the city of Salzburg, where the Emperors of France and Austria lately met to discuss the state of Europe, and form new political combinations for their own protection and the injury of their neighbors; for, unfortunately for the interests of mankind, it is one of the false principles of European diplomacy that the prosperity of a nation is advanced by the retrogression of its next-door neighbor.

Salzburg is the capital of the Provincial Diet of the same name, and is situated on the Salza River. It lies at the feet of two precipitous heights—in fact it stands in a narrow defile of and is half encircled by the Alps, through an opening in which the Salza passes out to join the Inn. The rich fields and meadows through which the river winds, the wooded slopes and abrupt precipices on either side, and the ridges of hills rising tier above tier, and overtopped by the main chain of the Alps, form scenery scarcely inferior to the finest parts of Switzerland. The town is divided by the Salza into two unequal parts, which communicate by a wooden bridge above 370 feet long, and is surrounded by a wall with ten gates. The greater part is on the left bank, where it is overtopped by a lofty height, crowned by a magnificent old castle. The superabundance of marble employed in the construction of the houses has a striking effect, but the streets are narrow, crowded, and gloomy. The two finest squares are Residenz, or Haupt-Platz, and the Domplatz. The former is adorned with a beautiful statue of white marble, 45 feet high; the latter by a noble bronze statue of the Virgin, by Hagenau. Between the two squares stands the cathedral, a heavy Italian structure, 410 feet long by 250 feet broad, with a dome and two towers. Adjoining it is the Archbishop s Palace, an extensive edifice, now partly used as public offices. In the same neighborhood is the collegiate church of St. Peter, with a monument to Haydn; and a cemetery remarkable for the number of curious ancient tombs which it contains. Attached to this church is an elegant hall, with a library of 40,000 volumes, and an extensive collection of coins, engravings, and natural curiosities. The castle has long been dismantled, and serves only for barracks. In one of its towers is shown the torture-chamber, with part of the inhuman apparatus employed upon the Protestants, who were ultimately, to the number of 30,000, mercilessly driven out of the town. The castle was the residence of the Archbishops, who were at the same time Princes of Salzburg and of the German Empire, and had temporal sovereignty over 200,000 persons. It is a place of great antiquity. The Roman town was destroyed by Attila in 448, and was rebuilt by the Dukes of Bavaria.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF SALZBURG, AUSTRIA, WHERE THE EMPERORS OF FRANCE AND AUSTRIA LATELY MET.

THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER.

LAST night the sweet warm Summer died
From out the circle of the year,
And soft and low the night-wind sighed
In sorrow o'er her lonely bier.

No lovely flowers were there to grace
The grave where cold and dead she lies,
A smile still lingered on her face
When darkness came and closed her eyes.

The daisies long had passed away;
The last rose withered with the June;
The clover flushed the new-mown hay
When shone the earlier harvest-moon.

But all day smile I the blue o'erhead;
In emerald tints the fields were drest;
At eve with flaming gold and red
The sunset burned along the west.

From out the tall elm, earthward flung,
The linnet's carol sounded dry;
The blackbird held his saucy tongue
Because the sober Fall was nigh.

Although last night the sweet clouds shed
For her that died no sorrowing tears;
I mourn the summer that is fled,
For with it passed the love of years.

Ah, soon the Spring with gentle breath
Will deck with flowers each hill and plain;
But Love that once has tasted death
Can seldom rise to life again.

At shut of day the sad Night came,
A mourner from her earliest birth,
And blowing out the sunset's flame,
Hung her dark arms about the earth.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

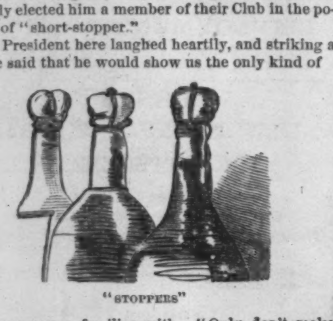
WASHINGTON, *August 30.*

DEAR WEEKLY,—The arrival here of the famed Mutual Club of

BASE BAWLERS

created no little commotion in base-ball circles, and, as their bats were flitting around their head-quarters at WILLARD'S, that famed hotel (the scene of so many ball circles, base and other kinds) was literally besieged by the members of the fraternity, all eager to catch a glimpse of the visitors. The report had somehow gone before them that they intended to elect Mr. JOHNSON as their "short-stopper," believing he had peculiar talents for stopping short. The Mutuals accordingly held a meeting at their rooms this morning, and elected President JOHNSON a member of the Club. Coroner WILDEY of your city then asked me to take them around to the Executive Mansion and introduce them to the President, which I did. The Coroner informed the President that the Mutual Base-Ball Club were now on a friendly visit to this city, and were the guests of the National Club; that they were stopping at WILLARD'S at a big expense per day; that this morning they had, on the eighth ballot, unanimously elected him a member of their Club in the position of "short-stopper."

The President here laughed heartily, and striking a bell he said that he would show us the only kind of



"STOPPERS"

he was any way familiar with. "Only don't make me a *pitcher*," said he, with a sly smile, "and I shall be satisfied." [Laughter.]

At this juncture an intelligent freedman, who must have understood that particular bell, arrived with a few decanters and Champagne bottles, and proceeded immediately to remove the stoppers. The noise of the popping soon brought Mr. TOM FLORENCE up from the kitchen, and just as he was entering the room a Champagne cork struck him fair in the face. The President immediately exclaimed, with his ready wit,

"OUT ON THE FLY!"

which raised shouts of laughter from the Mutuals, who were not expecting such an appreciation of the points of their game by the President.

After several "corkers" had been given by the different members of the Mutuals in fine style, Coroner WILDEY presented to the President the badge of membership.

The President replied that he was much pleased to accept the badge, and the honor of being a member of the Club. TOM FLORENCE ran and got him a pin; he then attached the badge to the lappel of his coat. He said he held the game of base-ball to be a moral recreation, and of all recreations he thought the moral ones ought to be encouraged. He believed in morals. He thought any game that hadn't a moral connected with it ought not to be allowed any more than a tale in a newspaper without a moral. The game never attached any disgrace to the members. He had played the game when a young man, and was always delighted with it. But since he had left Tennessee he had had other games to play, of which the moral points were not so obvious. He said his little game with Congress might be called a base-ball match. They kept pitching into him balls in the shape of various propositions which took all his strength as a "batter" to knock beyond the range of the "fielders." He handled a favorite bat, which he called his "Policy," and with which he had given a "daisy cutter" to many a ball pitched at him by the Rads. He had tried his best to keep the Radicals out in the field while his friends made their innings count. He was now

AT THE BAT.

so to speak, and intended doing his level best in giving SHERIDAN, SICKLES, HANCOCK, and others a few "skyers," as he had done STANTON. He told the Mutuals he wished they would also elect GRANT a member of the Club, as he was afraid the Congressional Nine would make him their member, and he wanted to belong to the same crowd with the General. He had been practicing lately, he said, with GRANT, giving him a few balls, which he struck amazing well, never once making a "foul," and he believed with a little practice he would make an excellent player. The President said he was not much on the catch; they would probably term him a "muffer." His best position was as a batter. He was a "King-pin" there. [Cheers.] He hailed with pleasure the admitted fact that the game was now designated a national one. He hated any thing sectional. He had tried to regulate his actions on the rules of a base-ball club. He had chosen Mr. STANBERRY as umpire, and he thinks he has never made a foul strike, at least the umpire has never called one. Last July, at the extra session, he received many wild balls from the Radicals, when he struck every ball fair, and made, if not a home run, a change of base at every bat. He would now say to his friends, the Mutuals, that he was engaged in a little game where every shot must be sent "hot." The Congressional Nine were now having a game with the Presidential Nine for the championship of the Union. STANTON, the first base of the Congressionals, was put out at their last match as pretty as he ever saw a fellow; and the President thinks the scoring, when it is footed up, will show some good figures for the Presidentials. He said the Congressionals had good men in the field, but he thought the Presidentials would soon have equally as good ones. He had got GRANT on the first base, but he did not know whether to trust him or not in that position. He didn't seem to be quick enough, and had already "muffed" one or two balls.

The Mutuals, after hearing these remarks by the President, shook hands with him, and invited him to witness their game with the Nationals that afternoon. They then retired.

Mr. JOHNSON, TOM FLORENCE, and myself talked the matter over after the Mutuals had gone. Tom said he thought the President was about right regarding GRANT, and he would move that if he staid in the Club he be put as catcher, and let some more active fellow be put on the first base; he thought ROUSSEAU a good man.

The President appealed to me as to what I thought of GRANT. I said I thought he was a little out of place myself; indeed, I did not think he understood the game well enough to take a position at all, but if he must have one let it be in the "*right field.*"

The President laughingly turned to TOM and said: "I suppose you know our young friend here is the Correspondent On-the-Wing of *Harper's Weekly*, and he feels called upon to make a joke whenever he can. I wish SEWARD was here, by Jove!"

TOM said he hadn't much of an opinion of *Harper's Weekly*, or of any body connected with it: it was too sectional for him.

The President said I must not be offended with any thing Mr. FLORENCE might say. He was a good fellow, but impulsive.

I said "Yes; and that is not the only kind of *pulsive* he is."

"Ah!" said the President, "how's that?"

"*Re*," said I.

The President here closed the conversation by saying, "Let's all make an 'inning,' and meet this afternoon at the field of the Nationals."

After we set down our glasses I left. The President and TOM, I believe, intended taking some more drinks, and resuming the discussion about GRANT. I should say, GRANT might properly be called "Our National Game."

Your own C. O. W.

CHASED BY THE "MARIA."

"WHERE is the Captain?" asked somebody.

Well, *I* was the Captain, and there I *was*. Not really the *Captain*, either, but all one as the Captain; for I had just finished putting the machinery into the *Firefly*, and was to run it a month before it was accepted. So I was virtually in command for the time.

"Oh! you are the man I wish to see, are you?" asked the voice; and then the face behind the voice looked into the engine-room where I was sitting.

The face was bright and keen and pretty, and belonged, as I knew at once, to Mrs. Galloway, the wife of a coal merchant up in the city.

"Are there any boats faster than yours, Captain Burbank?" she continued, in her quick, business way.

"None, unless it may be the *Victoria*. The *Firefly* will beat out any other craft on the river; I can promise you that."

"Are you sure she is faster than the *Maria*?" asked Mrs. Galloway, anxiously.

"Oh yes! I will stand her against the *Maria* twice over," I replied.

"It is all right then. I wish to engage you and your boat to run over to Vancouver with a bridal party, at sunrise to-morrow. We shall be chased probably; but the *Maria* is the only other boat which can be chartered, I learn. We may depend on you, may we?"

"Certainly. I will have you there long enough before the *Maria* can make the passage, or I will blow up the boat," I replied.

"Punctually at sunrise, then!" she said, and ran off with the air of a woman who had the world on her shoulders, but felt entirely equal to it.

It was something new to see a woman doing business without saying the same thing over and over, to make sure—or a *man* either, for that matter; and I felt certain she would succeed in bringing her undertaking to pass, whatever it might be. And so she did. The party came on board just as the sun was making ready to rise over the Cascade Mountains, and directly we left the wharf with the never-ending puff and snort characteristic of all small river boats.

Down past the town; past the steamship wharf; past the saw-mill, and so along the river, with a high bluff on the right, and a narrow strip of low wet country on the left, between the river and the mountains; past Swan Island, with its low green banks and its one house, which is deserted at time of high-water; past mountain ranges farther down, covered with dark-green firs, with now and then a bit of clearing and a house; past two or three little villages; and then out of the sluggish Willamette at last, into the strong waters of the Columbia River.

I think in all the world—and I have been over it a deal in my day—I have never beheld a more beautiful sight than one sees from the deck of a boat at this point. The river is a mile wide, and upon the opposite side Mount St. Helens, though miles away, seems to rise a high, snow-crowned cone, from the water; while looking up the Columbia one sees Mount Hood, also snow-crowned and glistening, and also apparently rising from the water in an impassable barrier. Just make the picture in your mind. The swift, rough river, swollen by the melted snows of the far North and the Rocky Mountains; its banks covered with every shade of green, from the vivid brightness of spring-time to the dark heavy color of the ever-green firs—and the whole contrasted with and glorified by five mountains capped with perpetual snow.

And yet it is certainly true that the grandeur and beauty was all lost on the bride, who turned her handsome black eyes restlessly back the way we came and anxiously forward toward the little city of Vancouver, which appears in the distance on the farther shore as we round the corner.

Suddenly the shrill scream of a steam-whistle sounded from behind us. We had fairly made the turn of the river and already lost sight of the waters of the Willamette, but looking across the bend over the low cotton-wood and willows which covered the bank, we saw a line of puffing steam coming nearer and nearer on our track.

All this time the bride had been sitting close by me, aft in the engine-room away from her party, for I could not have them all below, and now with a frightened look that made her handsomer ever, she cried out,

"Oh, Captain Burbank! she is gaining on us; do you know it?"

"Guess not much," I replied, carelessly. "That must be the *Maria*, I am thinking; and I never considered the *Maria* a boat to be compared with the *Firefly* for speed. But, however, Miss, this is quite an important step you are about to take, and now is a grand opportunity to consider the matter over. Isn't it possible you have been too hasty? It is not too late yet to come back of it, but in half an hour it will be all over with you. Remember the knot you can tie in a minute you will be a long time untying."

But all the reply the silly thing gave was,

"Oh, Captain Burbank, they are gaining on us fast!" And then she grew pale, and began to tremble like a poplar leaf.

Putting two and two together I had made out the whole story to my own satisfaction. The bridegroom was a man from California who had been in Portland for the year past without any visible business that I had discovered, only, as it seemed now, to make love to this beautiful Miss Miriam Jacobs, who was an orphan and an heiress. Mr. Galloway was her guardian, that I always knew; and I also knew he had been opposed to her marriage with somebody, and had made legal prohibition of it.

So, of course, there was nothing left for true love in order to run smooth but to run out of the State into Washington Territory, the fashionable Gretna Green of Northern Oregon.

Yes, certainly, and if some one opposed it, especially her husband, that was enough to make Mrs. Galloway ready to move heaven and earth to bring a marriage to pass. So here we were—Miss Jacobs, the bridegroom, Mrs. Galloway, and the *Firefly*—two-thirds and more of the way from Portland to Vancouver, and there was Mr. Galloway and his prohibition in hot pursuit on the *Maria* behind us.

The *Maria* was really gaining rapidly, that was a fact; but I wasn't afraid of her. I knew what I was about, and was minded to have a little fun out of the trip for myself (I always did like to plague my sister's kitten when I was a boy). So I let the *Maria* come within a mile of us, in full view and still gaining; then she sounded three signal-whistles in token she wished to speak with us. The bride looked weak as a potato-blossom, and I confess I began to feel some as though I was a cat playing with a mouse. But I said nothing, and made no answer to the signal-whistles, which were repeated, only to move off leisurely and open out the engine, which, to tell the truth, I had throttled down when the smoke of the *Maria* first showed itself.

Then, with a sudden shiver and tremble, the wheels started as though a soul had been put in them, the boat shook in every plank and joint, and the glasses on the table began to jump and jingle as if they had just discovered they were invited to a wedding, and had a mind to get up a little dance among themselves upon it.

I wish you could have seen the change in the face and whole figure of the bride as the boat sprang forward with such eager life and power. She looked as though Atlas had suddenly come back and taken the whole round world off her shoulders, which he had left upon them while he went himself after some golden apple or another.

And I am thinking Captain Bookstaver, over on the *Maria*, got some new and sudden ideas into his brain about the strength and swiftness of the *Firefly*.

So of course, although I slowed down the engine once or twice after that till the *Maria* was close upon us, just for the sport of racing away from her again, we touched the Vancouver wharf before her; and the magistrate, who had been telegraphed for and was standing on the pier in waiting, came on board in the shutting of a fan.

The ceremony was not very long nor very impressive, I promise you, but it was stronger than a gate of brass in a legal point of view; Mrs. Galloway had seen to that.

"If you mutually promise to love one another, join your hands. I pronounce you man and wife by the authority vested in me as magistrate of this Territory," said he. And there they were, married as tight as legal power could do it.

Whish! Whish! Whish! screamed the *Maria*, scarcely more than a boat's length behind us. But she might as well have been leagues away.

It was all over, and there was nothing for Mr. Galloway but to make the best of it. So he came on board, and for aught I know gave his consent and his blessing. At any rate, they went back to Portland together, and that evening the ceremony was repeated at church with all due pomp and bridal array.

OUR JOINTS.

SUCH is the perfection of the articulations of the bones entering into the formation of all our joints, that nature actually supplies a bland lubricating fluid, always running to prevent friction in the parts. A curiously constructed bag, called capsular ligament, embraces both ends of the bones making the joint, which prevents the sizy material from escaping. That is not all; there are generally an attachment of muscular fibres to the outside of the ligament to pull it away, so that it shall not be pinched in flexion or extension. Besides all those beautiful Providential contrivances for perfecting the joint, there are numerous muscles running from one bone to the other, which have the power of shortening themselves and then relaxing, alternately, which perfects the mechanism.

THE SKIN.

As every body has one, and all are anxious to preserve it, it is well enough to understand something of its character and office. Learned doctors, who take other people to pieces for the ostensible purpose of ascertaining how they are anatomically constructed, say that we have three coverings, one over the other, beginning with the *cutis vera*, the deepest, which is thin, delicately organized, abounding with minute blood-vessels and nerves. Next, nearer the surface, is the *rete mucosum*, a very thin membrane, exceedingly elastic, soft, and abounding in minute cells that contain the pigment or coloring matter on which the characteristic color of individuals and races depend. It is white, yellow, copper-colored, tawny, or black, pierced by very fine orifices, obliquely arranged, for the passage of hairs, sweat-tubes, sebaceous follicles, and terminal nerve-loops. A current opinion is gaining prevalence that this tunic holds in its curious composition a large amount of nerve matter, on which the sense of feeling depends over the exterior of the body, rather than on individual nerve filaments.

Superficial and outside, exposed to the air, is the epidermis, or scarf-skin. It is simply the thrown-off skin below, which is constantly becoming dry and the cell becoming compressed, take the form of scales. This scarf-skin is always wearing away, and other scales rise up in its place, and hence the skin is always in the process of being renewed. Those who apply powders or liquid cosmetics with an expectation of improving their complexion actually interfere and retard nature in her purpose of furnishing a new skin.

PARIS EXPOSITION.—SEWING MACHINE AWARDS.

WE recently published a brief telegram from Paris, announcing the award, over eighty-two competitors, to Messrs. WHEELER & WILSON, of the Highest Premium, a Gold Medal, for the perfection of Sewing Machines and Button-Hole Machines. The following are copies of the official documents confirming the announcement:

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE,
PARIS, 1867.
COMMISSION IMPERIALE, CHAMP DE MARS, *July* 16, 1867.

Mr. R. Hunting, No. 139 *Regent St., London:*

DEAR SIR,—Replying to your inquiry, I beg to state that the ONLY GOLD MEDAL for the manufacture and PERFECTION OF SEWING MACHINES and BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES was awarded to Messrs. WHEELER & WILSON, of New York. Yours respectfully,

HENRY F. Q. D'ALIGNY,
Member of International Jury, and Reporter of same.

Another letter, of the same date, says:

DEAR SIR,—Replying to your inquiry, I herewith give you the list of gold medals awarded to my class:

DUPUIS ET DUMERY, for Screw Shoe Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON, New York, for the manufacture and perfection of their Sewing Machines and Button-Hole Machines.

There is also in the list of "CO-OPERATORS" a Gold Medal granted to Mr. Elias Howe, Jr., personally, as PROMOTER of the Sewing Machine.

Respectfully yours,

HENRY F. Q. D'ALIGNY,
Reporter of Class No. 57 (Group No. 6), Member of the International Jury at the Exposition Universelle.

Extract from *Le Moniteur Universel*, official journal of the French Empire:

"The WHEELER & WILSON Company of New York, manufacturers of American Sewing Machines, have just received the GOLD MEDAL at the Exposition Universelle, for the good construction of their machines; the new improvement for making button-holes, applicable to their sewing machines; also for their machine especially for making button-holes. This award is accorded for the great development that Messrs. WHEELER & WILSON have given to the sewing machine industry in bringing their machines to the doors of all, by their cheapness and solid construction, which allows their employment with satisfaction in families, and with great advantage in work-rooms."—*Communicated.*

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McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not recommended as cure-alls, but simply for Liver Complaints, all Bilious Diseases, Sick Headaches—for Chills and Fevers, and for derangements of the Liver.

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ANCIENT FINE ARTS.

To the Editor of the New York Herald:

Respecting the relics of porcelain ware found in the late exhumations at Herculaneum, which have been forwarded to the Society of Antiquities in London, whereof your correspondent says the bottle resembling Drake's Plantation Bitters was undoubtedly placed among the ruins by the agent of Dr. Drake, we desire to state he is incorrect in every respect. If a bottle was found there bearing our lettering, the language of the ancient Romans was different from the accepted literature of that day. Our agent has other business than this in Europe, and has not been in Italy at all. No doubt Americans carry Plantation Bitters to Rome; but trying to impose upon a Society of Antiquarians in this way seems quite useless, and we do not appreciate the joke. It is unnecessary for us to spend money in Europe while we are unable to supply the demand for these celebrated Bitters here.

Respectfully,

P. H. DRAKE & CO.

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If the entire correspondence from South America, Central America, and the West Indies received by Messrs. Hostetter & Smith during the last twelve months were published at length, it would probably be considered one of the most extraordinary collections of approbatory testimony on record. The letters, written in every variety of style, and emanating from individuals of almost every class, are, nevertheless, all of the same tenor. Physicians, priests, merchants, planters, military officers, artisans, lawyers, &c., tell one story, admitting, without reserve or qualification, that the tonics heretofore in use in those regions have been generally and justly superseded by

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